The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 25. CHICAGO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871. NO. 47.

POLITICAL.

Proceedings of the Illinois State Republican Convention.

General J. L. Beveridge Nominated Unanimously for Congressman-at-Large.

Nominations and Platform of the Republicans of Minnesota.

Epitome of the Speech of Carl Schurz at Nashville.

Probable Defeat of Ben Butler in Massachusetts.

General McCook and Senator Thurman Worn Out by the New Departure.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

ILLINOIS REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 20.—The Republican State Convention, called for the purpose of nominating a candidate to fill the position of Congressman-at-Large, left vacant by the resignation of John A. Logan, met at noon to-day, in the Opera House.

PRELIMINARIES.

The delegates were called to order by A. C. Babcock, Chairman of the State Central Committee.

Rev. A. Hale, of Springfield, offered prayer.

Daniel Shepard, Secretary of the committee, read the call for the convention.

COMMITTEES.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

PERMANENT OFFICERS.

SPEECH BY THE CHAIRMAN.

THE VICE PRESIDENTS.

INFORMAL BALLOT PROPOSED.

NOMINATIONS.

A BALLOT

A FORMAL BALLOT

NOMINATION OF BEVERIDGE.

THE ORIGINAL VOTE.

AN INVITATION.

GENERAL JULIUS WHITE.

COMMITTEE OF ESCORT.

COMMITTEE APPOINTMENT.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

GENERAL REVIEW.

OTHER SPEECHES.

MINNESOTA REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 20.—The Republican State Convention met at 12 o'clock to-day. It was the largest convention of any political nature ever before held in Minnesota.

NOMINATIONS.

The following ticket was nominated: Governor, Horace Austin; Lieutenant Governor, W. H. Yale, of Winona, both by acclamation; Secretary of State, S. P. Jennison, of Goodhue County; Treasurer, W. Seeger; Associate Justices, S. McMillan and J. M. Berry; Attorney General, F. R. E. Cornell.

THE PLATFORM.

SPEECH OF SENATOR SCHURZ AT NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 20.—Carl Schurz made his promised speech at the Capitol to-day.

THE GOVERNORSHIP OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

FURTHER RETURNS FROM NEBRASKA.

THE CANVASS IN OHIO.

WASHINGTON.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INCOMPETENT NAVAL OFFICERS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The Navy Department to-day ordered a new commander to the Guerriere, now in European waters, with instructions to bring that vessel home for repairs.

TRANSPORTATION OF BONDED GOODS.

PRESENT FROM THE EMPEROR.

THE KU-KLUX COMMITTEE.

THE HODGE DEFALCATION.

ORDER SUSPENDED.

PERSONAL.

THE MIXED COMMISSION.

ILLINOIS.

Proceedings of the Supreme Court.

OTTAWA, Sept. 20.—The Supreme Court met at 9 o'clock and transacted business as follows:

CALL OF THE DOCKET.

Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIANA.

Eight Men Killed—Close of the Bright Perjury Trial—Indianapolis Fair—Death of Mrs. Finley.

Telegraphic Brevities.

NEW YORK.

No Material Change in the Tammany Situation.

Mayor Hall to Tender the Comptrollership to William E. Warren.

Developments Expected To-Day Respecting the Theft of Vouchers.

$5,000,000 in Greenbacks Locked Up by Stock Gamblers.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

THE SITUATION AT THE CITY HALL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—All is quiet to-night at the City Hall and County Court House.

LOCKING UP GREENBACKS.

THE STOCK MARKET.

GOLD

THE MONEY MARKET

THE GOVERNMENT BOND MARKET

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

DRY GOODS.

BREADSTUFFS.

HALL'S BACK DOWN.

THE GERMAN REVOLT.

A CONNOLLY DEMONSTRATION.

FOLEY ON THE SITUATION.

PITCHED OUT OF DOORS.

A WARREN FOR COMPTROLLER.

A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS

NO OFFICIAL RECOGNITION.

THE STOLEN VOUCHERS.

FOREIGN.

The Chief Justice of India Seriously Injured by an Assassin.

Celebration of the Anniversary of the Occupation of Rome.

Mr. Seward Soon to Leave London for Home.

Rochefort on Trial Before a Court-Martial at Versailles.

India.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 20.—An attempt has been made to assassinate the Chief Justice of India. Two stabs were inflicted upon him with a dagger, by a native. The Chief Justice was seriously wounded, and lies at his residence in a precarious state.

Great Britain.

France.

Italy.

Mexico.

Belgium.

Sweden.

Germany.

Greece.

Spain.

Turkey.

Russia.

Austria.

Kansas City Cattle Market.

CITY AFFAIRS IN BRIEF.

Personal.

Announcements.

Literary Guild of Union Park Baptist Church.

Political.

Meteorological.

Miscellaneous.

War Department Weather Report.

Fire at Virginia City.

United States Geological Survey.

From the Sacramento (Cal.) Bee, Sept. 15.

RUMORS OF AN ATTACK UPON FORT GARRY.

The Force Concentrating in St. Paul.

From the St. Paul Press, Sept. 19.

RAILROADS.

SILKS.

Retail Department.

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MASONIC NOTICES.

Masonic.

Masonic.

SWINE EXPOSITION.

THIRD DAY!

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EXPOSITION,

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Popular Literature and Science.

THE OCTOBER NUMBER

CONTAINS:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers, 715 and 717 Market-st., Philadelphia.

GENERAL NOTICES.

To Property Owners.

P. EVANS,

Room No. 11, 128 Dearborn-st.

EXAMINATION OF ENGINEERS FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE ODD FELLOWS

At 144 East Madison-st.,

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PUBLISHERS OF

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS,

DRAIN TILE.

DRAIN TILE! DRAIN TILE!

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Flower Pots, Flower Pots.

CHOLERA MEDICINE.

"PREPARE FOR THE CHOLERA."

"BOKER'S BITTERS."

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TEACHER OF

ITALIAN SINGING,

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STATE AND WASHINGTON-STS.

CHICAGO WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

THE CHICAGO

WEEKLY TRIBUNE

For the Week Ending Sept. 30.

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PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS.

Proposals will be received at this office for the building of a hotel and other buildings in Platteville, Colorado. Platteville is 35 miles north of Denver, on Denver Pacific Railroad. For plans and specifications call at the office of the Platte River Land Co., 125 Dearborn-st., Rooms 7 and 8.

PROPOSALS.

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FERTILIZER.

SCALES.

VICTOR SCALES.

VICTOR SCALE CO.

Chicago House, 151 State-st.

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The Chicago Tribune.

TERMS FOR YEAR OF SUBSCRIPTION (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE). [illegible]

TRIBUNE COMPANY.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

THE END OF THE BANK OF ILLINOIS.

A few days ago W. H. Bradley, Esq., Clerk of the United States District Court, received a communication from the Hon. William Thomas, of Jacksonville, enclosing a number of certificates and bank notes of the "Bank of Illinois," amounting to $700, to be burned by Mr. Bradley, as Special Auditor,—Mr. Thomas acting as Trustee and Mr. Bradley as Auditor, under decree of the court made in a cause commenced nearly thirty years ago to wind up the affairs of the bank. Mr. Thomas has been making these reports and remittances for nearly twenty years, but says, in his last report, that he has no expectation of ever receiving any more of the scrip or notes, and thinks, upon the receipt of Mr. Bradley's certificate of the destruction of those last sent, the Trustee will be able to close the trust forever.

The history of this bank is interesting, connected as it is with that of the State from its foundation, until both State and bank sunk under the accumulation of debt and bad financial management. The State of Illinois formed part of the Territory of Indiana, organized in 1800. The Legislature of the immense region which then included Michigan and Wisconsin held its sessions at Vincennes, and the government was controlled by the people of Indiana settled in that immediate neighborhood. The Illinoisans resided on the Ohio, where Shawneetown was their chief settlement, and on the Mississippi, where Kaskaskia and Edwardsville had some population. In 1808 an Indianian named Jesse B. Thomas, anxious to go to Congress, and having no hope of being elected by his neighbors, proposed that if elected Delegate he would favor the erection of Illinois into a separate Territory. At the next election the Illinoisans cast a solid vote for Thomas, who was elected over the Indianian. In time he had the Territory divided, and Illinois commenced a separate government. At the close of the war the country was desolate of money, and there was no commerce. The "home market" was perfect. Each man raised food enough to live upon, and sold nothing. The same condition of things prevailed in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, and Missouri; and, to remedy this condition of things, Kentucky and Ohio chartered some eighty banks. Missouri chartered two—both at St. Louis—and the Territorial Legislature of Illinois, to be in keeping with the spirit of the age, chartered one bank to be located at Edwardsville (now in St. Clair County), and chartered under date of December 28, 1816, "the President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of Illinois," to be located at Shawneetown. This charter was to run until December, 1837—a period of twenty years. It organized and commenced business in 1817.

In December, 1818, Illinois was admitted as a State, Shadrach Bond was elected Governor, and Pierre Menard Lieutenant Governor. The year 1819 opened with a brisk speculation in lands. Emigrants from Ohio and Kentucky, bringing with them the notes of the new banks, poured in, and, with the local supply, "money was plenty." Government lands were then selling at $2 per acre, one-fourth cash, and the rest in five years. All land was purchased on those terms, each man buying four times as much land as he had the money to pay for. Town sites were laid off, and speculation was wild. Before the year was out the whole population was in debt. The banks of Ohio and Kentucky failed; those of Missouri followed suit, and in the crash the Bank of Illinois closed its doors, as was supposed, forever. There was no coin, never had been any, and the bank notes were valueless. Under these circumstances, when the Legislature met, in 1821, there was a universal demand for a State bank, which was to lend money to the oppressed people, and furnish a currency founded on the wealth of the State. A State bank was chartered, but had not a dollar of actual capital. The parent bank was at Vandalia, with various branches, including one at Shawneetown. The history of this State bank is of itself an interesting and important chapter in the history of Illinois, but for our present purpose it is sufficient to say that by 1826 its management had become thoroughly corrupt; but it was strong enough to defeat investigation; its notes were worth about 20 cents on the dollar. Finally it went down, and subsequently, in 1832, the State, with the proceeds of the Wiggins loan, redeemed its outstanding notes.

When the Legislature met, in 1834-5, the State was solvent and the people prosperous. The State had no banks in operation, but there was an effort made for another bank, to make "money more plenty," and unfortunately the Legislature, February 12, 1835, incorporated the "Bank of the State of Illinois," with a capital of $1,500,000, and by law of the same date revived the charter of the "President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of Illinois," located at Shawneetown, and originally chartered in 1816, and which had been a defunct institution since its failure in 1820-1. The capital of this latter bank was $300,000. Two years later the capital of the Bank of the State of Illinois was increased to $3,100,000, and that of the Bank of Illinois, at Shawneetown, to $1,700,000, the State taking the increased stock. It is hardly necessary to say that these charters were passed by all possible means of corruption, and against the wishes of the people, who had been twice impoverished by irredeemable paper currency.

Thus the State entered for the third time upon the policy of growing rich through banks without capital. The Bank of the State of Illinois, which was the corporate name of the State Bank, at once entered into an immense business, and its career to its final end is a history of itself. The "Bank of Illinois," at Shawneetown, to which we propose to confine this article, had its old charter extended from 1837 for twenty years, and also commenced business. The great Internal Improvement system followed in 1837. The system embraced a railroad from Galena to Shawneetown, and various roads crossing the State on east and west lines; also for the improvement of the navigation of the Illinois, Kaskaskia, Rock, and Big and Little Wabash Rivers; money equivalents were voted to counties in which no railroads were to be constructed. In addition to this, and the only improvement which included Chicago, was the Michigan and Illinois Canal; $8,000,000 were voted for the system, the money to be raised by loan. Part of the system was the removal of the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield.

It would be too long to state in detail the progress and final downfall of the whole scheme—banks and improvements. The State owned a majority of stock in both banks, and the banks were the fiscal agents of the canal and railroads. The banks all suspended payments in the spring of 1837. The Legislature legalized the suspension. In 1838 the Legislature enlarged the number of works of improvement. In 1839, at a special session, the system was abolished. In 1842 the State suspended paying interest on the public debt. In February, 1842, the State Bank, having a circulation of $[illegible], broke down hopelessly. In June of 1842 the Bank of Illinois, at Shawneetown, [illegible]. The immediate cause of the final failure was two loans to the State, amounting to $[illegible], which were not repaid, nor secured by deposits, and all the liability to do anything with these bonds, upon which no interest was paid. At the time of these failures the bank paper was largely depreciated, and, of course, had driven all other kinds of currency out of use. The State was bankrupt; its revenues were payable in the notes of these broken banks. Everybody was in debt, and the banks were utterly insolvent. State bonds were worth but 14 cents on the dollar.

In 1842-3 the Legislature compromised with the banks, by which the banks were to surrender State bonds and Auditor's warrants in payment of the State stocks. After the failure of the Bank of Illinois, in 1842, the whole bank was purchased, as a speculation, by a number of persons. Anticipating the compromise legislation of the next year, some of the Directors borrowed from the bank $100,000 in specie, with which they purchased scrip and $[illegible] of bonds hypothecated with McAllister and Stebbins. These Directors paid into the bank $100,000 of these bonds, therewith taking up their notes for the specie they had borrowed, and they paid the rest of the bonds to the bank in settlement of other debts. These bonds were tendered to the State in payment of the debt due by the bank. The Governor accepted them conditionally, and the Legislature subsequently received them at 48 cents on the dollar.

Not long after the State Bank of Missouri, in its own behalf and of that of various creditors, instituted proceedings, by a bill in chancery in the United States Court for the District of Illinois, against the Bank of Illinois, its officers and agents. Under this bill Albert G. Caldwell, Joseph Gillespie, and William Brown were appointed Trustees to take possession of the property and assets of the bank, sell the same, and apply the proceeds to the payment of its debts and redemption of its notes, and generally wind up its affairs. Of these Trustees, by agreement, Caldwell alone qualified and acted; upon his death, soon after, the Hon. William Thomas, of Jacksonville, was appointed Trustee in his stead, and the Trustee has ever since been winding up the affairs of the once powerful institution, the great banking agent of Shawneetown, the then commercial city of Illinois—an institution once exercising an immense political control, and whose notes to an amount of two millions of dollars was circulated all over the West and Southwest. In the division of the State into two judicial districts the business of the old court was transferred to the Northern District. The last instalment of the notes of the bank were sent to Mr. Bradley by the Trustee, as we have stated, to be destroyed, and it is probable that in December, 1871, will be closed forever the eventful history which commenced in December, 1816, of the once great institution known as the Bank of Illinois, at Shawneetown.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Some newspapers, in advocating high national taxation, give singular reasons therefor. One of them offers this brilliant conception:

"Bonds in the hands of holders are untaxed, and pay nothing unless in the way of income. But the moment a bond is paid, and the money it represents passes into the business channels of the country, in almost any form of investment, it becomes the subject of taxation, and is made to contribute its share toward paying the principal of the debt."

It seems not to have occurred to this luminary that the money taken from the people with which to buy bonds would be taxed in any form of investment if it were allowed to remain in their possession, and be thus made to contribute its share toward the support of the government.

If a hundred million less Federal taxes were collected, there would be a hundred million more capital in the hands of the people subject to all kinds of taxation. Half the Federal bonds are held in Europe; half the remainder belong to the National Banks, and will not be sold. The larger part of all the surplus revenue hereafter employed in the purchase of bonds will be paid to foreign holders, and thus sent out of the country. How will such money become subject to taxation, and be made to contribute toward paying the principal of the debt, when it has passed into the business channels of Europe?

The same ignorant sheet argues that a 5 per cent bond really costs 7½ yearly, because it costs 2½ per cent to collect the taxes. Is that really true? Let us see. The interest on 100 millions of bonds would be five millions. To collect that sum will cost, at 2½ per cent, $125,000. The interest and costs of collection on each 100 millions of 5 per cent bonds will, therefore, be $5,125,000. The cost of collection, therefore, adds one-fortieth to the interest, and makes it 5⅛ per cent, which is very considerably less than 7½ per cent. But there is another view of the matter, which is overlooked, that should not be lost out of sight, viz., what it costs the people to pay impost taxes. The revenue with which the bonds are purchased is nearly all derived from the tariff. The internal revenue defrays the general expenses of the government, including the pensions, Indians, and postal deficits. Now the middleman's profits on imported goods will average, perhaps, 50 per cent on the first cost, including the duties. The importer charges the same profit on the money paid for duties as on the money paid for the goods; and the wholesaler who purchases these goods from him, duty paid, charges a profit on the whole cost of them to him, and the retailer charges the consumer a certain profit on the whole cost of the goods to him.

Thus, a bill of goods, the foreign cost of which was $1,000, costs, with the tariff added, $1,600. The importer charges, say, 10 per cent, selling the goods to the wholesaler at $1,760. The latter sells to the retailer at, say, 12 per cent profit, or $2,112; and the retailer sells them to the consumers at, say, 40 per cent profit, or $2,956. If these goods had been sold duty free the cost to the retailer would have been $1,724. The duty and profits on the duty amount to $1,132, of which the government receives $600, as before stated. The additional $532 represent middlemen's charges and profits on the duty. Thus the tariff tax is almost doubled in the way explained. For the purpose of raising 100 millions by duties in order to purchase bonds, the people have to pay out of their earnings 190 millions. Every bond thus bought costs the tax-payers almost two prices. It is for this, among other reasons, that THE TRIBUNE has advocated a slower pace in paying off the debt, and has insisted on a material reduction of the existing exorbitant duties on imported property.

Judge Gary's letter to the Board of Supervisors, suggesting the appointment of an assistant to the State's Attorney, is very just and timely. The business of the Criminal Court was delayed two weeks of the present term because of the inability of the State's Attorney to attend before the grand jury,—there being 170 indictments,—and the court at the same time. It is a physical impossibility for the one attorney to attend to all the business of the office in this county. The county should also make provision, either temporarily or by a permanent officer, for the protection of the public interests in the matter of tax sales. The practise now is to object to assessments, general and special, and, if the objection be overruled by the County Court, to appeal to the Supreme Court. As no person ever attends the Supreme Court on behalf of the county, judgment goes against the public by default, and the taxes are lost. It was stated in the Board of Supervisors, last week, that during the last two years over $100,000 of taxes were lost because of the non-appearance of the county in cases of appeals. While the Supervisors are considering this subject it would be well to make it the duty of the officer to prepare or supervise all the legal proceedings relating to the making of assessments, giving notices, applying for judgments. As it is, there is hardly an assessment made that is not defective, because of some negligence or ignorance on the part of the various officers. A competent officer, who would attend to this business alone, would save his salary a dozen of times over. An assistant prosecutor is wanted also for the business before the various courts, which business is now greatly enlarged by the suits and prosecutions under the Warehouse and Railroad laws. The Supervisors ought to take action on this matter.

THE SWINE EXPOSITION.

There is at this time on exhibition at Dexter Park the finest collection of swine ever witnessed in the United States. In fact, there has never been so magnificent a display of these animals anywhere as was opened on Tuesday and will close on Friday of this week. Over 3,000 of the best specimens of the choicest breeds, and from all countries, are collected, and an opportunity to witness such perfect animals of that kind will, perhaps, never be afforded again. The special reports will tell the names and numbers, and give descriptions of the various grades and varieties, and we can assure our readers that the sight is well worthy of a visit.

Chicago is now the great hog market of the country. It is directly interested in everything that pertains to the improvement of stock. This exhibition shows the results of the labor of the various stock raisers in all parts of the country, and the success to which they have attained. Various imported breeds are on exhibition, with others showing the results of crossing. This exposition has cost money and labor, and ought to be amply encouraged. There ought to be 25,000 persons visit the park daily, that the various gentlemen who have come so far and have shown such commendable zeal may have the satisfaction of knowing that what they have done is appreciated by the people of Chicago.

WATER.

The citizens of the upper part of the town, on the South Side, are rapidly approaching, if they have not already reached, that point where patience ceases to be a virtue. Some months ago we gave voice to their loud complaint for the deprivation of sufficient water for necessary domestic uses, making, at the same time, such explanation and palliation as we could for an unquestionable, but, as was supposed, an unavoidable wrong. Water famines are not unusual things. No twelve-month ever passes that there is not more or less distress from this cause in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston; but in those cities it is an inevitable evil, over which man has no control, for it arises from an absolute failure of the supply of water in the Croton, Schuylkill, or Cochituate Lake. The heavens refuse sometimes to drench the earth with rain, the dried-up fountains fail to pour their thousand streams into the great rivers, and the rivers and lakes shrink within their banks to tiny streams and ponds. Then the thirsty cities go parched and dry, and the precious element, which niggard nature only pours out in driblets, is treasured like hoarded wealth. It has been the boast of Chicago that no such famine, or apprehension of famine, ever need overtake us. Our reservoir is a sea; from its bosom the living waters are drawn, where never-failing fountains bubble up full many fathoms deep, or subterranean rivers run which rains can never reach, or want of rain can never lessen. The waters, abundant, undiminishable, wait only the compulsion of machinery to pour in a lavish and inexhaustible flow into every street and dwelling in the city. A water famine with us is a famine of water made into steam and not of cold water.

But what need is there of any scarcity? The supposition has been that for the present supply, at least, of all reasonable necessities of the city, the power was sufficient. If in extreme hot weather that supply sometimes failed, the ready excuse has been that the needless waste was so great as to exhaust the maximum of supply of which the machinery of the water works was capable. That such waste is very great there is no question, and it is just as unquestionable that there is—or ought to be—somewhere the authority to check it, and to compel the violators of law, who set up fountains from a hose-pipe on their grass-plots to run all day long while their neighbors are deprived of water for essential purposes, to be considerate, under pecuniary penalty, as they are incapable of any other consideration. But the excuse itself has lost its force somewhat among the up-town people, who find from painful practical experience that as between a warm day and a cool one, or a warm week and a cool one, there has been, for five months past, no essential difference. If during the hottest weather they have borne, with such patience as they could, the deprivation of water-supply in their houses above the basements, because they know the lavish use and waste between them and the water works was permitted, they have found some consolation in the hope that with cooler weather, at least, the wrong would cease. As modern houses are constructed, water in the sleeping-rooms, the water-closet and bathing-room in the second story is not merely a luxury in the hottest weather, but an absolute necessity to decent and healthful living at all times. A temporary inconvenience everybody puts up with; and though the tens of thousands of people who live above Twelfth street may submit without much murmur to what they are told is inevitable, however disagreeable, their complaints grow to more than murmuring when they find that the temporary deprivation becomes a permanent one. The fact is, that for the last five months water in the upper stories of the up-town houses through the day has been the exception and not the rule. Through the cool weather as well as warm weather, with the approach of autumn as during the heat of summer, there has been the same scarcity, and, consequently, the same inconvenience and the same addition to household labor. If this is to be the rule hereafter, it is a serious question whether, in new houses, it is worth while to provide for carrying water above the first story, both as a saving in plumbing and a saving in water tax, and as a question of health. Aside from the convenience of water in bed-chambers, and a bathing-room on the same floor, it is certainly unwise to put a water-closet where it cannot be flushed from a reservoir, and no prudent person would permit one to be used where it can only be cleansed by pouring water into it. A house, therefore, built for carrying water through it but without the water is absolutely more inconvenient than one where there is no such provision, and is arranged and furnished accordingly. It is not merely that in that thickly-populated portion of the city the people do not get that which they pay for, but that they are absolutely worse off, for a considerable portion of the time, than those who do not depend at all upon the water works for a supply, or depend upon them only partially. What reason there is for this state of things, if there is any at all, we do not know; but that there ought to be a remedy somewhere, where the comfort, and health, and convenience of so large a proportion of the people is concerned, is very evident. If it is impossible to give the south part of the city the water it needs for daily, reasonable use, in cool weather, there are several thousand people asking—why?

THE NORTHWEST.

ILLINOIS.

A Mrs. Brown died in Algonquin, recently, from the effects of a sting from a black-and-white hornet.

—The Aurora Herald has a subscriber who is 100 years old. He has a brother aged 97, and their mother lived to 105.

IOWA.

Marietta Lynde, a girl living with D. W. Gage, near Ames, committed suicide, on the 10th, by taking poison. The cause of the deed is not known.

—On Wednesday of last week a funeral and two bridal parties were in the Catholic Church at Cascade at the same time, and the offices for each were performed in the presence of the others.

—Ingebret Hanson, of Waterloo Township, Allamakee County, committed suicide a few days ago. He placed a gun, heavily loaded with small shot, just above the nipple of his left breast, and, tying an old carpet-bag iron to touch it off, blew his heart to pieces, causing instant death. Insanity from personal injuries received last winter is supposed to have been the cause of the act.

—The other night, in West Liberty, as Thomas Grey, with other citizens, was in pursuit of a burglar, he pulled a revolver from his belt. The hammer caught, the pistol went off, and the ball passed through the bone of his middle finger, and out his chin or the [illegible] ... and lodged two or two feet before he struck earth again, as was ascertained by actual measurement the next day.

—The Des Moines Register makes the following announcement: "The Governor has commissioned Mrs. Ida North as Librarian of the Library of the State, and approved her official bond. This appointment has been received with universal satisfaction by our entire community, among whom Mrs. N. resides, and by public men elsewhere. Mrs. North, then a resident of Illinois, married in 1865 to the late Major George J. North, then Military Secretary and subsequently Private Secretary of Governor Stone. Left a widow by his mournful death, early in 1870, Mrs. N. has supported herself and family by her own exertions since that event. She now steps into a position she is admirably qualified to fill."

—Edward Atwood, who resided near Grinnell, was kicked by a horse, the other day, and has since died. The Herald says: "There is rather a singular history connected with this family. We learn that the father and mother of him whose death we record were on their way to see their children, then living in Illinois, as passengers on the steamer Niagara, on Lake Erie, when that noble vessel was lost, some years ago, and they, with many others, sank beneath the eternal waters. There were then three sons left, one of whom was killed in the last war, another was killed by the kick of a horse, and now Edward has met with a similar fate."

WISCONSIN.

Two thousand hands, mostly children, are engaged in picking cranberries on the marshes northwest of Berlin. The Carey marsh alone has one thousand.

—The Milwaukee Sentinel says: "The Vigilance Committee, of Vernon County, arrested, on Saturday morning, the notorious Hank Manion, one of the gang of horse and ox thieves that infest that county, and he is now in jail at Viroqua. This is near a half-dozen of these rascals they have either captured or killed this fall, and still the work goes on."

—A La Crosse paper says: "The forests on the islands in the Mississippi are full of gray squirrels. It seems these squirrels are now moving west, and the Captain on the ferry-boat says the river is full of them, swimming to the Minnesota shore. The crop of nuts in Wisconsin is small, and these squirrels go where they may provide for the winter."

—The Pierce County Herald says:

"A most distressing accident occurred at Prescott, on the 4th inst., at the wheat warehouse of M. Stone & Co. The foreman of the firm, W. H. Mason, had just commenced to load a barge with wheat, and the hands were at work in and around the barge with the exception of one who was busily engaged in unloading wheat from the teams on the front side of the warehouse, when suddenly Mr. Mason heard a child scream, and he exclaimed to a man standing near, 'My God! Hathaway, a child is in the spout,' and, climbing up to a hatch or scuttle, he saw the face and hand of a little boy just above the wheat. Precipitating himself through the window, he shouted, 'Hathaway, shut the gate, and tell every man to bring his shovel quick as lightning, a child is going through the spout!' When the gate was shut the wheat began to roll down on the little fellow, and was covering him, when orders were given to open the gate to its fullest capacity, so as to try and keep the child from being smothered; Mason had caught hold of the child's wrist and chin, and held him, and kept back the wheat from his mouth and nostrils, hoping that its feet would reach the floor and rest there while the wheat ran off, thinking that the aperture in the floor would not admit of his body going through; but alas! his feet went down into the spout, and he was drawn down, down, to certain death, in spite of the united strength of two men who held him until he was beyond help, the man Hathaway being up to his head in the vortex of wheat, and Mason to his waist, and a half dozen men shoveling for dear life. The news spread like wild-fire. The warehouse was filled with an excited and horrified crowd, who watched with painful interest the efforts to extricate the body of the poor child. It was a full half hour before one said, 'I feel him,' and in a few minutes more the limp and lifeless form of the boy was picked up, and Dr. Cotton, who was in attendance, made every effort to resuscitate him, but all in vain; his little mouth and throat were literally solid full of wheat."

INDIANA.

A man in New Albany still lives who paid another man $3.50 to whip the former's wife, and stood by to see that the work was done according to contract.

—The New Albany Standard says: "Who will say that New Albany is not metropolitan, when two women walk into a fashionable saloon in the central part of the city, and order drinks for a couple?"

MINNESOTA.

Generals Hooker, Halleck, and Hancock were all in St. Paul, recently, at the same time, the meeting being purely accidental. General Halleck visited Minnesota with his family in order to place his son at school with Bishop Whipple, who is his cousin; General Hooker was on a visit of pleasure and recreation; and General Hancock was at his post attending to his official duties.

KANSAS.

Watermelons are 15 cents a dozen at Emporia.

—According to a Leavenworth paper, belles of that city have a habit of standing "on the other side of the street" to watch their fellows' rooms on Sunday evenings. It justly remarks that "it looks bad."

—The Council Grove Democrat says: "The Kaw Indian wants to make a raise; he sets out and lays in the ravines, and watches the horses belonging to the whites until they are out of sight of the owners, then Mr. Indian goes for the animals, runs them off, and secretes them in some timber, ravine, or other clandestine place, until the whites inquire, and offer a suitable reward; then, in about two hours, the Kaw boy brings in the strayed animals, gets his money, gives a wild hoot, and skoots."

MISSOURI.

The Knights Templar of St. Joseph drill on horseback.

THE TERRITORIES.

The Helena (Montana) Herald of Sept. 1 says:

"Gentlemen who have just returned from the volcanic region of the Yellowstone country report that the statements heretofore made regarding the wonders there exhibited are in no wise exaggerated. In scientific research Humboldt circumnavigated the globe to witness what [illegible] to-day in Montana, within an area of a few square miles. We predict that in five years the Valley of the Yellowstone will have become a resort for pleasure-seekers and [illegible]. No portion of the [illegible]. The approaching [illegible] and explorations of the late scientific expedition will soon be given to the public by the press, and through it excite a curiosity and interest which the wonders of Vesuvius, Niagara, and the Geysers of Iceland have never yet caused to be felt."

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are one hundred different species of figs.

—A Savannah man was cured of rheumatism by the active movements he made to get out of the way of a mad steer.

—A thief in Georgia recently took great pains to plan an ingenious robbery, and for his trouble got $400 in Confederate money.

—Ice nearly half an inch thick formed in the open air in Bangor, Me., on the night of the 16th instant.

—A woman, only twenty-seven inches in height, was recently married in Rochester to a gentleman of medium height.

—The largest railway depot in the world is said to be that of the Rensselaer & Saratoga Railroad, at Albany. It comprises all out-doors.

—The St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger reckons up that butter enough to spread 1,000,000 slices of bread with half an ounce each arrived at that place one day last week for shipment.

—A gentleman who, the other day, had a verbal dispute with a Niagara Falls hackman, was taken by him before a Justice, and that official fined him $5 for being insolent.

—Victoria (V. I.) papers report the return of some four hundred men from the new mines in British Columbia, half-starved, ruined in health and purse, and loud in their denunciations of the misrepresentations by which they were induced to go thither.

—There is great scarcity of factory help in Massachusetts, caused in part by alarm at the small-pox. For many months the mills in Lowell have been run with only about three-fourths of their usual complement. The scarcity may compel an increase of wages or a reduction of the hours of labor.

—Some women arranging for a funeral in Virginia City, Nevada, recently, were refused any money for expenses by the dead woman's husband, and, knowing his weakness, at once plied him with laudanum until he was as senseless as the corpse. Then they took the money from his pocket, and pushed him out of the way until the services were over.

—Three colored men were hanged on Saturday in St. James Parish, La., all the officials who conducted the execution being colored men. This may be termed a progressive step for the lowly race, for, when they so far forget the antagonism of races as to carry out the severest penalty of the law upon their own adherents, peacefully and as a matter of course, they have advanced beyond even some of the white nationalities in this country.

—It is estimated that there is an average loss of two or three yards along the eastern coast of England, washed away by the sea every year, and that about thirty acres of land disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. There was once an important seaport called Ravenspurn on this coast, which returned a member to the Parliament of Edward I.; but in 1390 there was but little of it left, and at the close of the next century the ground on which it once stood had totally disappeared. Several villages which appear on old maps have been destroyed by the encroachments of the waves, and Kilnsea, which lost its church in 1826, is likely soon to be swept away altogether.

—American cheese is rapidly supplanting English cheese in the English market itself. During the four weeks ending September 1, 203,000 boxes of it were imported into England, amounting in weight to something over 5,000 tons. It sells there at about 5½d @ [illegible] for the fine qualities, which is 1½d less than English cheese can be sold for; while it is said to be quite equal to English cheese in quality, flavor, and condition. Even the famous Dutch cheeses suffer by the American competition. Six years ago the difference was the other way, and the change is owing entirely to the skill and pains of American dairymen in improving the management of their dairies.

—As a party of gentlemen were enjoying a sail in a yacht a few days since, they sighted two finback whales when about two miles out from Nahant, Mass., each measuring from fifty to sixty feet in length. Being curious to obtain a nearer view of the big fish, the party followed them for half an hour, approaching so near at one time that when they rose to blow, the spray flew in the faces of those on board the yacht. These huge denizens of the deep seemed to be enjoying their visit to the bay very much, amusing themselves with some pretty tall spouting, throwing the water to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Those who saw them say that they might have been easily captured had the proper apparatus been at hand.

—The one problem of our architecture, which has been the opprobrium of builders—ventilation—has been, it would seem, substantially solved in Providence. In one of the school buildings in that city a ventilator, or shaft, running from the cellar to and out of the roof, with openings into it at or near the floor, and at the ceiling of the rooms, has given excellent satisfaction. In order to operate, it is necessary to provide for a warm current of air from the cellar, which is furnished by a furnace or stove. There seems to be no reason why private houses should not be constructed on this plan, and the ventilation as well as be simple, and yet free from drafts.

—The recent eruption of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, was first observed on Sunday, August 6, and was visible a long distance at sea. On the 7th it was distinctly seen at Kona, when the lava, as it appeared there, arose in a column several hundred feet above the opening in the mountain. The exact locality of the eruption seems to be a question; some who have seen the light being of the opinion that it is near the locality of the eruption of 1868, while others believe that it is nearer the summit, somewhere in close proximity to the scene of the great eruption in 1859, the flow from which ran into the sea near Kawaihae. The Hawaiian Gazette says that it is probable that this eruption will not be a very remarkable one, but it may be a premonitory symptom of greater action in the volcano of Kilauea, which has, since the earthquake of 1868, been remarkably quiet.

—Dr. M. C. Cotton, of Nashville, has been studying the peculiarities of rattlesnakes. He has had one in his possession, confined to a glass case, since the 13th of May, and from that date up to a few days ago, it has not partaken of a particle of food, though it has been tempted with mice and other small animals on which the reptile is accustomed to feed. He thought it was a male until he discovered that it had given birth to seven young snakes, each from nine to fifteen inches in length, and with a full button on the tail, clearly refuting the idea that they have to be six months old before the formation of the button. Dr. Cotton represents that he once before kept in a case a large sized rattlesnake for three years and nine months, and that he studied closely its moods and changes. For nine months it did not partake of a particle of food, and but little water. It shed its skin twice a year, a new rattle appearing at each shedding, which explodes the popular notion that but one rattle comes a year.

—The California Rural Press mentions four Sacramento firms engaged in shipping fruit to points east of the Sierra Nevada, by rail, and says:

"Since the 20th of July to the 1st of August, the combined average shipments of three houses, on the railroad, to points beyond the State line, were a little over eleven and a half tons daily. The varieties of fruit shipped were principally pears, peaches, apples, plums, and grapes. The prices received by the producers of these fruits have averaged about as follows: For pears, 3½ cents a pound; for peaches, 3½ cents; for apples, 1½ cents; for plums, 5 cents; and for grapes 3 cents. The daily average receipts by the producers who have furnished this fruit has been $500. It is estimated that the trade will continue at about these figures, say, ninety days this season. This will give a gross receipt of $45,000 for fruits shipped out of the State from Sacramento alone. There is also quite a large amount of fruit shipped from Marysville, Lincoln, Auburn, and other points on the line of the road. Probably the shipment from the three points named may equal this from Sacramento. There will also be large quantities shipped from Santa Clara and other points in the counties surrounding the bay."

—A curious illustration of the connection between results and remote causes, is afforded by some recent disturbances and murders in the northern part of India. They have been shown to have proceeded from the war between France and Prussia, in this manner: A large number of the inhabitants of Cashmere are shawl-weavers, and the product of their labor used to be sold in Paris. The war interrupted the trade, and throwing them out of employment, they emigrated to Umritsir, in the Punjab, where some of their countrymen were settled, weaving shawls for the India market. The native Hindoo population regard the cow as a sacred animal, and, so far from using its flesh as food, esteem it a sacrilege to kill it. The newcomers, on the contrary, were Mohammedans and beef-eaters, and pretty soon beef-bones and offal began to lie around the streets in a manner very disgusting to the pious Hindoos. Finally, one morning, a beef-bone was found in the holiest place of one of their temples, and there was, of course, a riot, in the course of which a fanatical tribe called Kookas murdered some of the cow-butchers; and, although the English authorities have for the present restored order, the troubles are likely to break out again at any moment.

POLITICAL.

Colonel Little, of Bangor, Me., claims to have voted for Governor every year for sixty-two years.

—San Francisco threw at the late election more votes than ever before, with the single exception of the Presidential election in 1868. The Republicans carried ten of the twelve wards.

—There will be very little change in the political complexion of the new Legislature of Maine. The Democrats probably have but five of the thirty-one members of the Senate, and less than forty of the 151 members of the House.

—Butler, in one of his speeches, having promised the people, if they would elect him Governor, to reform the railroad system and prevent accidents, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican thinks the people would prefer the accidents.

—Loudly does the Portland Argus, the leading Democratic paper of Maine, lift up its voice, in a momentary interval in the wails at defeat, and exclaim: "If the whole State had done as well for Democracy as did the classical towns of Fryburg, Stow, Brownfield, and Porter, on Monday last, we should have had a very different result to chronicle. They gained a Representative, and gave him 99 majority."

—Mr. Pendleton having said, in one of his sophomoric speeches, that it was an appalling fact that there wasn't money enough in the country, by $150,000,000, to pay the taxes of the nation and States, if the people were required to pay them all in one day, Senator Morton replies as follows in his Cincinnati speech: "Well, now, that is a tremendous thought; and it is also an appalling fact that if the people were required to eat in one day all they now eat in the course of a year, they would inevitably burst."

—Harvey Jewell, in a published card, withdraws his name from the Massachusetts canvass, and urges the necessity of union in the Republican ranks. He says: "In this emergency I trust the Republicans of this city and vicinity, and the entire State, may speak with a united voice; and I have, therefore, resolved that no division in regard to men, so far as I can remove division and promote unity, shall exist. No personal sacrifice which I can make is too great if I may thereby contribute to produce a result I deem so desirable."

—The contest for members of the Legislature will be considerably mixed this year in the anthracite counties of Pennsylvania. In Schuylkill County the workingmen have an independent ticket in the field. In Luzerne, two of the Republican candidates, Richard Williams and Henry W. Evans, are members of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association. Mr. Williams has already served a term creditably and acceptably to the miners. In Carbon County, a Workingmen's Convention is called to meet in Mauch Chunk to-morrow. The Anthracite Monitor, organ of the [illegible] both political parties.

—California votes again on Wednesday, October 4, choosing two Justices of the Supreme Court, a Superintendent of Public Instruction, and various local Judges. The candidates for Supreme Judges are Rhodes and Niles on the Republican ticket, and Temple and Wright on the Democratic, while the two candidates for Superintendent of Public Instruction are Bolander and Fitzgerald. At the judicial election in 1867 only 70,448 votes were polled, while the number polled at the general election a month before was 90,394, and at the Presidential election, one year later, it was 108,670. The San Francisco Bulletin thinks the Constitutional Amendment requiring separate judicial elections ought to be repealed, as its object has been defeated by the act fixing them one month after the general elections, instead of having them come in alternate years only, and by the practice of nominating the Judiciary at the regular party conventions.

—There is scarcely a reasonable doubt that the Republicans will have a majority in the next New Jersey Senate. Eight Republican members will hold over: Henry J. Irick, of Burlington; Edward Bettle, of Camden; Thomas Beesley, of Cape May; John W. Taylor, of Essex; Samuel Hopkins, of Gloucester; Levi D. Jarrard, of Middlesex; Henry A. Williams, of Passaic; and John C. Belden, of Salem. The Republicans will have to elect but three members to secure a majority. Seven counties will elect new members: Atlantic, Bergen, Cumberland, Hudson, Mercer, Morris, and Ocean. Last year five of these counties gave decisive Republican majorities, and, says the New York Tribune, it is as certain as anything in human affairs can be, that Atlantic, Cumberland, Morris, and Ocean will elect the Republican ticket by handsome majorities this year.

—The following is from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican of the 18th: "It is impossible to count up intelligently yet the delegates so far elected to the Republican State Convention. Those from many towns are disputed, and there are rival delegations from several, as for instance Charlestown, while a few still resist the inevitable and unresisting pressure of the issue, and hold out against the necessity of being classed as Butler or anti-Butler men. About 250 delegates in all have so far been chosen, and of these at the outside no more than 100 can be counted for Butler, while 120, or nearly as many, must be unreservedly pledged to oppose him to the end, and are willing to unite upon almost any honorable citizen in order to defeat him."

—A new proscriptive organization has been gotten up in the East, called the "Sons of America." They held a secret meeting at Albany last week. A despatch to the New York Herald says:

"A convention of delegates from every camp in the State of New York was held in this city last week. The convention was largely attended. It was called for the purpose of hearing the report of a committee on revised constitution, and by-laws, and also for consultation as to the political course to pursue in this fall's campaign. After considerable discussion it was determined that, as a party, they should make no nominations, but that they should hold themselves aloof from both parties, as a sort of balance of power, pledging themselves to vote for every one, on either ticket, whose views coincided with their own, regardless of their sentiments on any other political issue. It was also determined at this State Convention to cut loose from the State camp of Pennsylvania, under whose authority and charter they now work, and form a State camp of their own. This same course is to be taken by the 'Patriotic Sons' in New Jersey. The three States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, will form a national camp of delegates from each of the three State camps [illegible]. They claim to be not a political organization, except where their efforts are in their opinion necessary for the preservation of law and order. They propose to hold a State Convention on the 5th of October, in Albany, to take into consideration the political action they shall take, and to adopt a platform of principles for public promulgation."

—In his reply to Mr. Groesbeck, in Cincinnati, Governor Morton said:

"The Democratic party seems to think that the government has no power to protect the American citizen in every country but his own [laughter]; while our doctrine is, that this government has the power to protect an American citizen wherever our flag floats, at home or abroad. [Great applause.] Protection of life, liberty and property is the highest exercise of sovereignty, and the government that has not got that power is not worthy of being called a government, and should be styled what these Democratic politicians have called a mere confederate agent. [Cheers.] Unconstitutionality is the harp of a thousand strings upon which the Democratic party are forever playing. Everything has been called 'unconstitutional' for the last ten or twelve years. Every measure to put down the rebellion was unconstitutional. The issue of greenbacks was unconstitutional, according to Mr. Pendleton. The Conscription act was unconstitutional. We had no power to fill up our armies. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation was unconstitutional. Congress had no power to pass the amendments. The Reconstruction laws were unconstitutional. And now we are told that the Ku-Klux law was unconstitutional. Well, my friends, I have heard this cry so much that I am not alarmed at it, and I am happy to be able to say [illegible] in regard to the Ku-Klux law [illegible]. I want to say, too, that if I had any doubt about the constitutionality of that law, I would cast them in the favor of the protection of life, liberty, and property. The worst criminal on trial is entitled to the benefit of a doubt, and shall not the millions of innocent people in the South, who are deprived of the equal protection of the law, [illegible] the benefit of the doubt, if there be doubts? My friends, [illegible] crime is sympathized with through a professed love of liberty. [illegible] during the war, the affected regard for the Constitution [illegible] party for the rebellion, and I am afraid that with many the affected belief that the constitution had been violated by the Ku-Klux bill, only proves sympathy for the Ku-Klux themselves." [Applause.]

THE POLITICAL FIGHT IN NEW MEXICO.

Meeting of Democrats and Republicans—Premeditation—Commencement of the Fight—Full Particulars—Lists of Killed and Wounded.

From the Borderer, published in the town of Las Cruces, New Mexico, and dated August 30, we get the following detailed account of the terrible fight which occurred there between the Radicals and the Democrats:

On Sunday last it had been announced that a Democratic meeting would be held in the plaza of Mesilla; that the Democratic candidate for delegate, Hon. M. Gallegos, and others would address the meeting. A large concourse of ladies and gentlemen from different portions of the county assembled to hear the speeches.

After having heard the matter fully and freely discussed we give what we believe to be only the truth, and that with no partisan feeling. The whole transaction is lamentable and disgraceful to the county and Territory, and must awaken only horror in the breast of every law-abiding citizen. Upon the conscience of those who were instrumental in bringing about this horrible affair must rest a load of responsibility that only can be judged truly of at the Last Great [illegible].

As we stated, a Democratic mass meeting had been announced for Sunday. For several weeks past we had supposed all danger of a collision had vanished. The Democrats were confident of carrying the election; were satisfied that their numbers greatly exceeded those of their opponents, and as a consequence were in good humor over their prospects.

On Saturday evening, as we were lying in bed, with the door opening on the street, we noticed the arrival of wagons from Mesilla. They were loaded with Republicans, and departed, all armed with pistols, and we were informed that the wagons contained also guns. A large number of horsemen also left. Yet we felt no alarm from the fact that we were informed that arrangements were made for a joint discussion. On Sunday morning numbers of both parties left Cruces to attend the meeting. It may be proper here to state that the two towns of Cruces and Mesilla are only two miles, or very little more, apart. Every few minutes some horseman passed during the day, and everyone was inquiring concerning matters at Mesilla. From the threats that had been circulated that Gallegos should not speak, many citizens feared a collision.

About 3 o'clock p. m. horsemen came dashing into Cruces with the news that a fight had commenced. General Devin, of Fort Selden, had passed through for the fort a short time before, and said that the danger was over, and thought that no collision would occur.

Immediately after the first messenger came another, telling of six men who had been killed. Another followed on horseback, brandishing a hatchet, and saying that Judge [illegible], meaning Kelly, had been killed, and making the most violent threats against everyone.

The messenger despatched after General Devin overtook him with the report of the fighting, and that the town was in flames. Pushing his mules into a run, he reached the fort, and ordered nearly every soldier into the saddle immediately. General Devin, accompanied by General Gregg and the many officers present at the fort, including a court-martial, with the troops at his command, came dashing at full speed the whole twenty miles.

Before arriving at Mesilla the fight in the plaza was over, and confined to shooting from the tops of a few houses and from behind terraces. Several parties from this place had attempted to get into Mesilla during the evening, but were driven back by shots from the houses and fences. Dr. Heinzeman was in this manner prevented from assisting the wounded; and we understand also that Rev. Francisco N. Boucard, parish priest of Cruces, was prevented by his friends from running the dangerous gauntlet. Dr. Black, while assisting a wounded man, was shot through the head, so that all the medical assistance at hand until the arrival of the troops, accompanied by Dr. Brewer, devolved upon Dr. C. H. Woodworth.

In the evening, about 10 o'clock, the thundering sound of approaching troops at a dead run gave notice of assistance at hand to put an end to the deadly conflict. They passed our office at a furious pace, the officers in advance, and the horses of officers and soldiers glistening with foam in the bright moonlight. They halted in front of the residence of Colonel Jones, at the entrance of the town, and after a moment's consultation a squad of soldiers charged the town, and took possession of the plaza. The firing had a short time before ceased, and the stillness of death reigned in the place, where but an hour since the balls were whistling with deadly aim.

Thus far we have given an outside account of events. We have received statements from some of our most reliable citizens of the county who were present during the occurrence, and whose evidence discloses the following facts:

It is not our intention to go into details at present, for we are satisfied that our statement of reports would by some be misconstrued and considered as a party-light. The citizens of that county and the strangers present have all formed their opinions from what they themselves observed, and need no word of information from us; and we feel no interest in creating a sensation abroad over what every good citizen of the county laments. A simple statement, therefore, from notes furnished us by men of both parties will be all we shall give at present, reserving for a future number, if necessary, a correction of reports that have been already sent to the press abroad. We sincerely hope that those reports are correct, and that we shall never be called upon to contradict misstatements.

A proposition was sent from Mr. Gallegos by his friends to the Republicans for a joint discussion of the political issues before the people, but [illegible] excluding [illegible] of every kind. The Republican speakers claimed the right to discuss not only the political history of the different candidates, but their private and social life. Believing that such a course would lead to trouble in the meeting, the committee of gentlemen, composed of both parties, decided to hold separate meetings. While this committee was in conference both parties had paraded the streets and plaza with nothing to disturb the peace, except a slight quarrel between two or three men, that was immediately quieted. A line of demarcation was agreed upon, which both parties were to respect. The Democrats were to hold their meeting at the plaza, the Republicans in front of the house of John Lemon, Republican candidate for Probate Judge. We have not heard that any disturbance of any kind occurred at the Republican meeting.

The Democratic meeting, where a large procession of ladies were in attendance, was addressed by Hon. Jose M. Gallegos, Captain Sena y Baca, and W. T. Jones, of Mesilla, all most pleasantly, with the exception of a slight interruption from Mr. Granda, one of the Republican speakers. After the speaking the procession was formed, and escorted the candidate to the house of Thomas J. Bull, and the ladies to the residence of Senor Bareia, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, where refreshments were in waiting for them.

After the Republicans were through with their meeting they formed in line, and proceeded through the plaza, and [illegible] the town called California, thence back into the plaza.

The Democrats in the meantime had formed again, when, at half-past 5 o'clock p. m., the procession met in the plaza. About the time the processions were opposite each other, a pistol was fired from the Republican ranks, either at some party, as a signal, or by accident. We have been told by those who saw it that the hand that discharged the pistol was raised in the air and the pistol pointed upward. We do no good in giving the name of the party who discharged the pistol, so withhold it for the present. Immediately an indiscriminate firing commenced. The crowd commenced to disperse, some to get away, others to provide themselves with arms.

A number of men were stationed upon the roof of the Post Office, on the east side of the plaza, and kept up the fire long after the heat of battle had ceased upon the plaza. The fire was returned from the house of Mariano Bareia, on the west side of the plaza.

As night came on men were stationed along the corners and fences leading out of town, and fired upon those who appeared. As we have said, the fire had ceased when the troops reached the plaza. [illegible] all quiet, and, except an occasional passage of a few over the plaza or through the streets, no one would have supposed the military to be present. On Monday the most of the troops returned to Selden, leaving twenty men at Mesilla and fifteen at Cruces, under the command of Captain Wm. Kelly; the squad at Cruces under the order of Lieutenant Goodwin. These officers hold themselves ready under orders of the civil authorities to protect persons, and to the extent of their ability we are confident they will perform their duty.

We give a list of the killed and wounded so far as we have been able to learn:

Dead—J. N. Kelly, John Lemon, Sotello Lopez, Francisco Rodriguez, Felicitio Lucero, Fabian Cortes.

Wounded—Don Pedro Garcia, Hilario Moreno, Jose Ma. Padillo, Cesario Flores, Craquta Luna, Juan de Dios Sais, Jesus Callee, Dr. Black, Manuel Nevarra, Simon Gallegos, Jesus Bareia, Jose Quisado, Isadario Apodaca, Leandro Miranda, Meteo Madrid, Francisco Lopez, Jesus Lopez, Pilar Candelario. There are said to be thirteen more wounded, whose names we have not learned. Don Pedro Garcia was known to be unarmed, and was forcing Mariano Bareia into his house when he was shot in the back, and lies in a most critical state. An idiotic boy living with Bareia was killed at his side. It is said that many of those wounded were not engaged in the fight. Bareia's house is riddled with balls, one passing into the parlor among the ladies, but fortunately doing no further damage.

Balls passed through into the store of Reynolds & Griggs, and lodged among the goods upon the shelves. Daniel Frisse had four balls pass through his clothes. Don Manuel Neverres, Justice of the Peace, was calling upon the people to disperse when he received two balls through his foot.

The Colonel S. J. Jones is due great credit for his efficiency during the early part of the day. Unarmed and chosen by the Democrats as their marshal, he was everywhere present to prevent disorder, and the citizens speak of his acts in the highest terms. He was at dinner when the firing commenced, and his family and friends prevented him from running the fiery gauntlet into the plaza to put a stop to the firing. The people had become mad with passion, and nothing seemed capable of turning them from revenge for fallen friends.

At the present writing (Wednesday evening) everything seemed quiet on the surface, but the least observant knows that we rest on a volcano.

The Episcopal "Departure."

From the Toledo (O.) Commercial, Sept. 18.

In pursuance of previous notice, a number of clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church in Ohio met at Columbus last week, to consider what application should be made to the General Convention, soon to meet in Baltimore, for a relaxation of the strict rubrical conformity which is now required. The meeting was organized by the choice of the Rev. Mr. Sturges, of Sandusky, as Chairman, and the Rev. H. H. Morrell, of Sandusky, as Secretary.

The result of the discussions and deliberations of the meeting was the adoption of the following memorial, to wit:

To the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in General Convention Assembled:

The undersigned, clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, respectfully petition your honorable body to authorize the omission of the word "regenerate" in the office of the "Ministration of the Baptism to Infants," in the Book of Common Prayer.

A delegation, to consist of Rev. Mr. Morrell, Rev. Mr. Yocom, of Cincinnati, and Hon. J. L. Bates, of Columbus, was then appointed to consult with delegates appointed from other dioceses at a meeting to be held in Baltimore, on Wednesday, the 11th of October next. An Executive Committee, consisting of Revs. Hughes, of Cincinnati, Bower, of Newark, and Tyng, of Gambier, were appointed an Executive Committee to circulate the above memorial for signatures and to provide for calling future conferences.

This is a "departure" of some significance, being the first distinctive movement in this State on the part of either of the recognized parties in the Episcopal Church, and its progress will be watched with much interest. To what extent the "Evangelical" portion of the Diocese will join in the proposed action, remains to be seen. It is known that there has been much hesitation on the part of many prominent individuals sympathizing in the object sought, about so radical a step as a change in the forms of the Church, be fearful lest, once entered upon, the result might not be readily controlled. This feeling has no doubt been materially strengthened by the history of the Cheney case in Chicago, where zeal so far overcame judgment as to induce extreme rashness and precipitate clergyman and Church in excommunication. Few of those sympathizing with the views of Mr. Cheney in regard to the baptismal service, have any ambition to repeat the part taken by him in the matter. They seek relief within the Church, and have no design inconsistent with fidelity to the Church.

But the careful observer cannot fail to see that, in case of the refusal of the General Convention to grant the request thus made, the next step may be more threatening to the peace of the Church; for, it is quite evident that the movement is based on a conviction too deep and too general to be satisfied by refusal. It is a matter of conscience and religious belief, which is more likely to be strengthened than repressed by denial. The matter rests upon the definition of the word "regenerate." The parties to this movement, believing its true meaning, as now used, to be irreconcilable with the Word of God, and hence unauthorized, ask the privilege of omitting it in the service, leaving others free to use it, thus making it entirely optional with all. No doubt the great body of the Church would readily approve of such a change, standing on its own merits; but doubts as to the policy of entering upon a revision of a service cherished not only for its source, but its long use, will seriously affect the decision of the question, and may defeat the movement—in which case we shall probably hear again of the matter.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Details of the New London Atrocity—Shocking Revelations of Youthful Depravity.

From the Hartford Courant.

A brief announcement was made by telegraph on Friday of the murder by Leonard Rogers, a half-breed Mohegan Indian, of a young girl, Miss Hattie E. Lily, at New London, and his subsequent suicide. The following particulars from the Bulletin's account will prove interesting: Leonard Rogers, a half-breed Mohegan Indian, about 25 years old, had for some time vainly endeavored to persuade a young girl by the name of Hattie E. Lily to become his wife. She had been engaged to him, but, during a recent visit to New Haven appears to have changed her mind. On her return to New London Wednesday night Rogers met her at the depot, but she went alone to the house of her mother, on Prospect Hill, on the Hartford turnpike, about a mile and a half from the city. On Thursday morning Rogers called at the house, and passed some time in friendly conversation with the girl and her mother, Mrs. Lewis, and subsequently invited the girl to an interview in the back hall. It is supposed that he at that time urged the girl to marry him, and that she refused. After a few minutes Mrs. Lewis heard a scream, and went to the door of the hall, but Rogers prevented her entrance, and threatened to blow her brains out if she interfered. A moment afterwards the report of a pistol was heard, and Mrs. Lewis, bursting open the door, saw the body of her daughter lying on the floor dead, with an ugly wound in her forehead. She raised the cry of murder, and Rogers burst out of the house, and ran a short distance. He then returned, and meeting a man named Elisha Rogers, asked him if he would take a letter out of his pocket, and read it when he was dead. He also remarked: "They have fooled me as long as they ever will. I got the best of them this time." He then placed a pistol to his right temple, and fired, the shot being almost instantly fatal. The following is the letter referred to by the murderer, and found upon his person:

CORNER OF CEMETERY,
COLCHESTER ROAD, WATERFORD,
Morning of Sept. 13, 1871.

I have been unable to write up all the particulars concerning Miss Hattie and myself, but what I did write can be found somewhere in a trunk in Golden street, New London. The 18th of April last Hattie had a girl baby weighing eleven pounds. Its father [illegible] and I attended her without the assistance of a physician or any one, Hattie being promised to me in marriage providing I would render all assistance in my power to remove the child, and thus temporarily re-establish the honor of Hattie, when the very bodies had commenced to talk about the promise being made by her mother and agreed to by Hattie. On Sunday night, the 18th, Mrs. C. H. Lewis and myself took a team from a livery stable in Green street, New London, I telling the keeper I was going to Lyme, but instead, took the child in a basket, drove up the Norwich road through Montville and left the baby and basket at C. B. Rogers' and returned to New London at 5 o'clock, finding Hattie all alone and all right. I think I have seen Hattie every day since until one week last Monday, she ran away to New Haven. We had a little spat, and she jumped at the chance to break the contract. She was with her brother there. Her mother went to see her at my request, and brought the word as I expected, that Hattie never wished to see me again. I knew Hattie was with child the second time, and told her I could help her by taking her to Norwich, and then we would part good friends and forever. This being satisfactory, Hattie, with the hope of being relieved of her burden, returned to New London by the 5 o'clock train to receive the kindness at the hands of her worst, bitterest, and most dangerous enemy, from the fact that I told her if she tried to fool me she had but one more to fool, and that was God. [illegible] Why, that old thing, to my knowledge, has been out and stolen her neighbor's [illegible] a barometer stolen from the Bentley House, last spring, corner of Washington and State streets. She was an awful woman, the foundation of all my troubles [illegible]. The child can be found on East Great Plain, Norwich. It was left at C. B. Rogers', and taken by a Mrs. Wilbur who thought too nice a child to be sent to the almshouse. Good-bye, everybody, I am going away, but I shall take Hattie with me.

LEONARD ROGERS.

After the letter was read, the authorities took up the floor in the house of Mrs. Lewis, and found the barometer as stated. They will take steps to ascertain the truth of the other statements made in the letter.

Rogers was a decorative painter by profession and an excellent workman. He was in the employ of Saunders & Waldo, New London, and boarded at No. 15 Golden street. He bore a good general reputation. Although not strictly temperate, he did not appear to be under the influence of stimulants on Thursday morning. He is reported to have a wife living in Malone, N. Y. He appears to have meditated the bloody tragedy for some days, for recently commenting upon the departure of a friend, he said, "I shall go soon, and when I go there will be two of us." He also remarked [illegible] Eisenbrandt, who shot a girl and then himself, and only succeeded in killing himself.

Miss Lily was a short and slender blonde, quite good looking, and only 16 years and 5 months old. Her mother is English, and has been twice married. The girl's character has of late been considered by many as suspicious, to say the least. Considerable sympathy is felt for her, however, which may be somewhat abated if the allegations in the murderer's letter are proved to be true.

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE.

Mysterious Assault upon a Lady near Paloma, by a Man Attired as a Woman—A Desperate Struggle—A Strange Chapter of Damnable Villany.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald, Sept. 18.

The vicinity of Paloma was wild with excitement yesterday afternoon, occasioned by the report of a diabolical outrage, within a mile of the station, in which an accomplished, handsome and respected wife was assaulted by a fiend, disguised as a woman. The affair is yet a mystery, but we have managed to obtain all the particulars known to the parties most interested, which are as follows: George Beggs, a young married man, came from England to this country early last spring, and leased the farm of O. B. Richardson, one mile east of the town of Paloma, in this county, where he has resided with his wife—a well educated English lady, said to be remarkably handsome—ever since. Beggs was unaccustomed to the customs of the country, but he went to work and attended to his business, and gained the respect and esteem of all his new acquaintances.

About three weeks ago, while Mr. Beggs was absent, a stranger, large in stature and well dressed, stopped at the house and inquired for Mrs. Beggs. She demanded his business with her, and he stated that he desired to enlighten her upon the base conduct of her husband. He asserted that Mr. Beggs was supporting a mistress in Quincy, and that he passed much of the time he was away in her company. The wife, who had never doubted her husband, refused to believe the story, and pronounced the statements false. The man assured her that the charge was true, and that he had taken the trouble to inform her for her own benefit. She persisted in asserting that the story was false, and the man left. Mrs. Beggs remembers that he rode a gray horse.

A short time afterward Mrs. Beggs picked up in the yard an anonymous note, directed to her and making inquiries for a widow whom it was stated Mr. Beggs was supporting as his mistress. The wife was not able to account for the letter, and it soon passed from her mind.

Last Saturday a large woman stopped at the house while Mr. Beggs was away, and told his wife that he was in a buggy at the upper end of the field some distance from the house and desired her to come to him. The woman, or rather the person who appeared to be a woman, threw out some hints concerning the "mistress," it is supposed for the purpose of misleading the wife. Mrs. Beggs, however, did not fancy the looks of the stranger; there was something mysterious in her looks and actions and she refused to go. The visitor appeared to be very anxious for her to comply, and offered her $10 to go to her husband. She declined positively, and the mysterious stranger departed. Of course it turned out that the story was false, and that Mr. Beggs had not seen the large woman or knew nothing of her.

Yesterday about noon Mr. Beggs was engaged on the farm a considerable distance from the house, when the same party, a man dressed in woman's clothing, appeared at the house. As soon as he went in the room where Mrs. Beggs was he took out a bottle, which he said was good for him and would be good for Mrs. Beggs' child, and attempted to pour some of the contents down the child's throat. Mrs. Beggs came to the rescue, when the man threw some powder in the child's face and then turned upon the mother, threw the powder at her face and pulled out a revolver. Mrs. Beggs, thoroughly aroused, rushed upon the villain and a terrible scuffle ensued. Although the man was of large size, the wife and mother succeeded in throwing him upon the floor, when she saw his pantaloons and for the first time realized that she was fighting a man, and a fiend deserving the gallows. The man struggled to his feet and renewed the scuffle, attempting to pinion the arms of his intended victim. He succeeded in thrusting into her mouth a cloth moistened with chloroform. The wife, exerting all her strength, managed to get one hand upon her husband's razor, which lay upon a stand. The villain became frightened at her attempts to cut him to pieces, rushed toward the window, dragging her after him, and jumped through the sash to the outside, and ran for his life. The wife dropped insensible upon the floor, where she was found shortly afterward by her husband. Directly after the fiend made the assault, a small servant girl, who was in another part of the house, was attracted by the noise, and, seeing her mistress struggling with a stranger, she started for the field shouting "murder" at every jump. Mr. Beggs heard the noise and came to the house, where he found matters as above stated. The mysterious villain was followed by the tracks left by his rubber shoes through the cornfield and out of the field, where all traces were lost.

Mrs. Beggs was found unconscious, lying near the window. A physician was sent for, and, in an hour or two, she recovered sufficiently to relate what had transpired. The entire affair is wrapped in mystery, and up to last night no clue to the guilty wretch had been obtained. There appears to be no doubt that the stranger with the gray horse and the woman were the same person.

MINING DISASTER.

Particulars of the Late Fearful Colliery Explosion at Wigan—Loss of Sixty-Nine Lives.

From the Manchester Examiner and Times, Sept. 7.

Yesterday, another of those colliery explosions which have for the last few years visited the coal-field of Wigan, took place. Unfortunately it has been accompanied with a loss of life which even throws former terrible calamities into the shade. The lives of sixty-nine persons have succumbed to the fiery blast, all of whom are still entombed in the pit. The scene of this dreadful event is the colliery of Messrs. Pearson & Knowles, called the Moss Pits, situated on Brym Moss, in the township of Ince. It is near the plot of land used as a cemetery for the borough of Wigan, and is also close to the Dalham Forge Iron Works now in course of erection. Messrs. Knowles' collieries have been distinguished for their admirable management. These collieries have only been at work a few years, and the pit in question was only commenced last October, with a view of working the Wigan nine-foot seam, or the six-foot seam, as it is called in other parts of the country. This seam has a very unenviable notoriety as being very fiery, and although no explosions have occurred in this immediate locality, yet in other districts its working has been attended by great fatalities. Among others, explosions have occurred at the Queen Pit, Haydock, the Brym Hall Pit, Aspull, and the Lowe Hall Pit, Hindley. Although everything that skill and science could accomplish to render its working secure has been done, yet it must be admitted that the miners go down to work it with their lives literally in their hands. The men had, however, great confidence in the management. The underlooker, named Prescott, a very trustworthy man, and who was one of the injured, said that there were no indications of gas, and that he would have gone with perfect confidence a few minutes before the explosion over every part of the workings with an open torch. The nine-foot seam is worked at a depth of 480 yards, but the depth of the pit is about 700 yards. Below the nine-foot, which travels north and south, is the cannel seam, which is some hundred yards below. Both these seams are worked by the downcast shaft, and the owners are extending the upcast workings to the Arley seam, which lies to a still greater depth. A party of sinkers were at work at the time in the upcast shaft. The explosion occurred at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, sixty-three men and boys being employed in the nine-foot level, fifty in the cannel seam, besides six sinkers. Three of these sinkers were in the act of descending the upcast shaft to join their fellows at the bottom, when from the downcast shaft came that terrible sound, like the discharge of a cannon, which told the fearful tale of the occurrence of another explosion. There followed almost immediately a fearful discharge of soot and smoke from the upcast, which hung like a pall over the surrounding district. At the downcast shaft the cage, which was standing on a raised platform, was hurled from its position, and the banksman had a most narrow escape, while at the second shaft the gearing suffered so complete a wreck that the brow-man, Oaks, is at a loss to know how he escaped from the wreck with his life. As it was, he suffered severe bruises, and had to be taken home in a conveyance. As may be supposed, the news quickly spread, and the pit bank was speedily crowded with the relatives of the miners, and also many practical men from the neighboring collieries, ready to give that advice which skill and experience could suggest. Parties of workmen were quickly set to work. At the upcast shaft the winding apparatus was repaired, so that the "hoppett" might be drawn up, which was still hanging in the shaft. It took over an hour to accomplish this work. When at last the cage was brought to the surface many anxious eyes were directed toward it, as a faint hope was entertained that the sinkers might be still in it. It was, however, empty, and no further doubt could be entertained of the fate of the men. A cap which was found in the gearing above the shaft was supposed to have belonged to one of these men. The "hoppett" was then lowered with great caution with three men as far as the cannel seam. After a short interval the cage was raised, and it brought back, amid the breathless silence of the spectators, five colliers, who announced, to the relief of some of the anxious relatives who crowded the bank, that all was safe in the cannel seam, but that the explosion had occurred in the "nine-foot." The forty men who worked in the cannel seam were quickly brought to bank, and every one's energies were then directed to the establishment of communication by means of the downcast shaft, by which means alone the "nine-foot" could be reached. A short distance above the nine-foot is the four-foot. It was believed that there were ten men in this part of the colliery at the time of the explosion, but when the first exploring party descended they found at the mouthing the underlooker, Henry Prescott, the furnaceman, and a bricksetter. These were all alive, and were at once sent to the surface. The explorers then descended to the nine-foot, where a terrible scene was presented. Here the full force of the explosion appeared to have taken place. Timbers and broken corves were strewn about, and here and there lay the dead, the majority of whom were most fearfully mutilated by the scathing force of the fire-damp and the violence of the projectiles which were hurled along the causeways. The living were crying bitterly for water, which, with other restoratives, was supplied to them by the willing hands of the brave men who were risking their lives to save them. The exploring party was in charge of Mr. John Bryham, son of the manager of Rose Bridge colliery, and Mr. William Pickard, miners' agent. [illegible] one of the men, in the agonies of his dying struggles, nearly threw himself out of the hoppett. His agony was so acute that it took four men to hold him. He died shortly after he got to the surface. Mr. Pickard, on coming to the surface, reported that the pit was on fire in both levels of the nine-foot, but especially in the south level. It was then determined to send down a number of extincteurs, and a supply of buckets to quench the fire. Up to this time ten men had been brought up, seven from the nine-foot and three from the four-foot, one of the former having died. Everything appeared to be going on favorably for a further examination of the workings, when, shortly after 3 o'clock, those who were standing on the bank noticed a cessation of the smoke in the upcast shaft, followed by two gusts of wind, which indicated that another explosion had occurred. Great fears were felt for the safety of the exploring party under Mr. John Bryham, consisting of about ten persons. The cage was in the shaft at the time, and it is needless to add that the winding was carried on as quickly as safety would permit. The excitement was now most intense. The cage, amid a suspense in which minutes seemed like hours, was quickly brought to the surface, but it was not until the third ascent that Mr. Bryham appeared in the hoppett. The entire exploring party reached the surface in safety, but some of them had made some very narrow escapes. They reported that there had been a great many falls of roof, and the blast had overturned everything and extinguished the lights. Mr. Bryham was, at the time, examining an opening, and he might have been lost if he had not been in company with some one conversant with the workings. A consultation was then held, in which Mr. Bryham, Mr. Gilroy, Mr. Mercer, Mr. Watkins, Mr. Smethurst, and about a dozen other practical men took part. The matter was anxiously debated. The engineers came to the conclusion that they would allow no more explorers to go down in the pit, as it would be running a serious risk to life. It was felt that there was no chance of any more men being alive in the pit, and it was determined to stop up the downcast shaft, in order to extinguish the fire which was now raging in the pit. The number of bodies in the pit is sixty-eight, of whom six are sinkers.

Cholera and Its Progress.

London (Aug. 31) Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

As yet, no case of true Asiatic cholera has occurred in England. Nobody affects to doubt that it is coming; the best one can say is that it comes slowly. It seems to have touched the shore more than once, but could not get a foothold. As long ago as July 31, two deaths from Asiatic cholera were reported on board steamers arriving from Cronstadt at Hull. In both cases the deaths occurred some time before the steamer reached port. A medical officer of the Privy Council went down, and the next report was that the health of Hull was never better. A fortnight later, August 15, we had the famous Edmunds case. Dr. Edmunds sent a letter to the Times saying he had attended the previous evening a typical case of Asiatic cholera, but Dr. Edmunds and his typical case were smashed that same night in the House of Commons by Mr. Forster himself. The Privy Council had sent their own physician, who reported that the case was one of English and not of Asiatic cholera. Since then there has been, so far as I know, no rumor of trouble. No physician was likely to rush madly into print after poor Dr. Edmunds' sad experience. Yet his blundering hurry did real service. The English public, and even English officials, woke up once for all to the impending danger. You might have talked till doomsday about cholera in Konigsberg and Dantzic. Nobody knows or cares anything about Konigsberg or Dantzic, nor believes cholera will come till it is knocking at English doors, or till somebody says it is. The sanitary authorities took alarm from Dr. Edmunds none too soon. The Privy Council published a memorandum of advice and precautionary measures, and some people actually read and began to follow this advice. The papers discussed it. I am not sure that even some local boards may not have talked about doing something, and one water company is said to have asked the engineer whether in view of the cholera it would be possible to reduce the proportion of organic impurities supplied to their customers.

Meantime, the approach of the true cholera is preceded by frequent cases of English cholera, and by a most alarming increase in diarrhoea and choleraic diarrhoea. During the seven weeks ending August 26, the deaths from cholera in London were 131. In the last two of these weeks they numbered 40 and 25. Last week, the deaths from diarrhoea in London were 487. In 17 towns and cities, including London, the fatal cases of diarrhoea have risen in number from 198 to 1,213. In Sheffield, the death rate from this disease alone was last week 18 per 1,000. These figures are not cheerful, but the Registrar General extracts a proportion of comfort from the fact that nearly all the deaths were either infants or aged persons. Of the 487 deaths from diarrhoea in London, 350 were of infants under 2 years, 21 of persons 60 and more, leaving but 16 for the intermediate ages. Yet we are bid to remark that these 487 deaths from diarrhoea exceed by 295 the corrected average number in the corresponding week of the ten years 1861-70. Of the cholera deaths last week all were children but three, and these three all over 60 years of age.

How fast the disease advances in Germany we learn, and I suppose you learn also, by telegraph. It was at Elbing and Dantzic last week; it was even at Altona on the 26th, and within a week 10 persons had died. In Konigsberg, on the 27th, there were 100 cases and 28 deaths; on the 28th only 78 cases, but 30 deaths. It will be observed that the German authorities do not seem eager to publish the news of their affliction; the latest telegram giving intelligence was two days old. The German towns that I know are good hunting ground for cholera. Take Berlin and Leipsic, in which I spent some weeks during the cholera epidemic of 1866. Both of them are ill-drained. Berlin is flat and not a healthy town in the best of times, the Spree at one end and the pools of the Thier Garten at the other being stagnant and fetid, and these are the best quarters of the town. There are plenty of London districts as bad as Berlin, and other towns worse than London. They are, as a general rule, to take the Registrar General's official description, "dirty, dotted over with cesspools, or fouled by bad drains, and the water alike of wells and of rivers from which towns draw their supplies are soiled to some extent by sewage." But we have had ample warning this time, and you have had longer than we; so that if either London or New York is swept by an epidemic next year, they have only their own stupid and wilful neglect to thank for it.

CALIFORNIA ELECTION.

The Result Reviewed.

From the San Francisco Bulletin, Sept. 11.

Looking over the whole field, one week after election, Republicans can now see very nearly the exact extent of their triumph. More or less complete returns have been received from forty-six of the fifty counties in the State; official returns from twenty-three. The results are given in the following table, the counties marked with an asterisk being those from which official returns have been received:

BOOTH.		HAIGHT.	
Alameda*	[illegible]	Butte*	46
Alpine	[illegible]	Calaveras	103
Amador*	64	Colusa*	418
Contra Costa*	[illegible]	Del Norte	24
Lassen	90	El Dorado	[illegible]
Marin	187	Fresno	[illegible]
Napa	147	Kern	200
Nevada*	[illegible]	Lake	150
Placer*	[illegible]	Los Angeles	[illegible]
Sacramento*	1,[illegible]	Mariposa	134
San Francisco	2,[illegible]	Mendocino	113
San Joaquin*	[illegible]	Merced	100
San Mateo*	275	Monterey*	73
Santa Barbara*	42	Plumas*	[illegible]
Santa Clara*	[illegible]	San Bernardino	[illegible]
Santa Cruz*	[illegible]	San Diego	40
Shasta	30	San Luis Obispo*	[illegible]
Sierra*	337	Siskiyou*	[illegible]
Solano*	1,[illegible]	Sonoma*	[illegible]
Yuba*	143	Sutter*	[illegible]
		Tehama*	[illegible]
		Tulare*	[illegible]
		Tuolumne*	157
		Yolo	61
Total	9,73[illegible]	Total	4,153

It appears from the above that Booth has received majorities in twenty counties, aggregating 9,738; while Haight has received majorities in twenty-six counties, aggregating 4,153; leaving Booth a net majority of 5,585. Of the four counties to hear from, three—Humboldt, Mono, and Inyo—gave Grant majorities aggregating 334; and one, Klamath, gave Seymour a majority of 50; showing a net Republican majority of 284. Should these counties do as well for Booth, his majority will be 5,869. Allowing for probable increase on Grant's majority, it will rise to 6,000. The changes on final counts in the various counties in our table not yet officially reported will probably be nearly even. As Haight received a majority of 9,546 in 1867, the change this year is equal to about 15,546; and these figures represent nearly the number of Republican votes not polled at the disastrous election four years ago. Booth's gain over Grant's majority of 514 will be not far from 5,500. Should the next Legislature and Congress act wisely, the Republican majority for President in California will exceed that for Governor.

The only candidate on the Booth ticket who runs behind notably is McGlynn, for Harbor Commissioner, whose majority in the State at large will not exceed 600 or 700. Some of the other candidates even ran ahead a little. McGlynn's near defeat is probably due to the fact that German voters preferred their own countryman, Rosenfeld, on the Democratic ticket.

All three of the Republican candidates for Congress have been elected, Houghton, in the Southern District, receiving a majority hard on to 1,700. Coghlan ran ahead of his ticket in the Northern District, and his competitor, Pearce, good-naturedly telegraphed to him, "I move to make it unanimous." The election of Sargent, from the middle district, for the third time, is a deserved tribute to his great practical ability, useful service, and thorough honesty of character. The term for which he has been elected began in March last, with the adjournment of the Forty-first Congress, and will expire March 4, 1873, simultaneously with Cole's term as Senator.

In the State Legislature the Republicans have secured a large enough majority in the Assembly to give them a majority on joint ballot; but the Democrats will have a majority of two in the Senate. The responsibility for legislation will therefore be divided between the two parties, as it was four years ago, when the Republicans had a majority in the Senate and the Democrats in the House.

THE INDIAN TRIBES.

Their Numbers, Wealth and Power—Present Condition, Prospects, &c.

From the St. Louis Republican.

[The following exceedingly interesting letter has been addressed to Hon. Robert Campbell, through whose kindness we are allowed to publish it. The letter was not written for publication, but it gives so intelligent and clear an account of the present condition of the Indian tribes in the Rocky Mountain region, that we consider we are doing the public a favor to overlook its personal character and assist in its general circulation.—ED. REP.]

DEER LODGE CITY, Mont., Sept. 2.

Hon. Robert Campbell, Indian Peace Commissioner, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR: Knowing that you were familiar, many years ago, with the numbers, wealth, and power of most of the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains, I have thought that it may interest you to hear what their present condition and prospects are. For the past fourteen years I have lived in the Rocky Mountains, and hence have been in constant contact with all the tribes from Colorado to the British line; and thus becoming thoroughly conversant with their customs, habits, languages, and modes of life, has caused me to take a very great interest in the way our Indian affairs are managed, and led me to desire that they could be conducted upon some plan that would do more equal and exact justice to both whites and Indians. That the matter has been very badly managed in the past, is patent to any observing mind.

At the beginning of the tide of emigration that left the Eastern States and swept across the continent to California and Oregon, the many tribes along the route were numerous, and in general prosperous; but the contact with the whites produced the heretofore inevitable decline in numbers and abasement of character which seems to follow like a curse in the footsteps of civilization and to fall with a blighting influence upon the natives of the soil. This is owing principally to the introduction among them of whiskey and other attendant evils which produce famine, disease, poverty, dissensions, and wars among themselves and with the whites, and is leading to the rapid extermination of all the tribes of the mountains and plains of the great West, some of whom have already declined so far as to have lost their tribal names, and, to prevent their utter extinction, have become incorporated into other and stronger tribes.

"Washakee's" band of Shoshones, or Snakes, who formerly ranged from Bear River to the mouth of Sweetwater River, are now upon a reservation in Wind River Valley. They are very much reduced in numbers, and are almost entirely dependent upon the Indian Department for a living, as there is now no buffalo, and but few elk, deer, or antelope in their country. They are located in a beautiful valley, and seem to be contented, and desire to learn to farm, and, if properly managed and cared for, will soon cease their nomadic life, and quit the chase for the more quiet pursuits of raising stock and tilling the soil. They are not at war with any other tribes except the Sioux, who will persist in coming to their reservations, and steal their horses, and occasionally kill some of them. They complain, and justly, too, that government does not protect them on their reservations.

The "Sheep Eater" band of Snakes and the Bannacks, who formerly ranged from the head almost to the mouth of Snake River, are now nearly all on a reservation at "Lemiu," near the forks of Salmon River, and on another one near old Fort Hall, on Snake River. The first-named reservation has a farm in operation on a small scale, and these Indians, who are naturally of the most gentle and tractable dispositions of any of the mountain tribes, are glad to learn how to farm, and are willing to work, when they see that they get the benefit of their labor. There is no game in their country except a few mountain sheep, and they do not leave the reservations to hunt, but live on the products of the farm, their annuities, and salmon, of which latter there is abundance in Salmon River. The farm has only been in operation about a year, and now they have sixty-five acres under cultivation, which is doing very well, considering the limited means at the disposal of the agent.

The Flatheads and Pend Oreilles are now partially civilized. They have farms of their own, generally on their reservations in the Bitter Root and Jocko Valleys. They are in comfortable circumstances, have large bands of horses, and many cattle. Owing to the labors of the Jesuit missionaries, who have had a few missions among them since 1843, they attend church with considerable regularity, and profess the Catholic religion, and are usually married by the rites of the Church. These Indians are quiet and peaceable. A portion of them still make semi-annual trips to the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers to hunt buffalo, but if they are properly managed for a few years, they will become self-sustaining and will cease to go after buffalo and will become permanent residents on their farms.

The Nez Perces are readily becoming civilized, and stay mostly on their reservations on Snake River, Clear Water, and the Columbia; they are rich in horses and cattle, and farm to a considerable extent. A small part of them still go with the Flatheads and Pend Oreilles to hunt on the plains of the Missouri and Yellowstone, but they can easily be induced to stay at home. They are quiet and well-disposed, and are quite intelligent; many of them speak English, and a few can read and write.

The Crow Indians have an agency and farm in the upper part of the Yellowstone Valley, where there are 120 acres under cultivation. These Indians take great interest in the farm, and are seemingly very anxious to learn how to conduct farming operations, and desire to be furnished with implements, seeds, &c. They seem to fully realize the fact that, although game is still abundant in their country, the time is not far distant when they will be compelled to farm or starve, and they fully appreciate the kindness of the government in giving them annuities and learning them how to farm.

The Blackfeet and Piegans have an agency and farm on the Teton River, which has some eighty-six acres under cultivation, but as game of all kinds, and buffalo in particular, is abundant in their country, they take but little interest in farming operations as yet, although the most intelligent among them admit that they will have to farm some day, although they think the time farther off than it really is.

The greatest difficulty which is experienced in keeping the Indians on their reservations is caused by influential and unprincipled men who are interested in trading whiskey to them. They persuade the Indians to leave their agencies and go into the Indian country out of the reach of their agents, so that they can trade them whiskey with impunity; and nothing but the unceasing vigilance of Indian Superintendent J. H. Viall keeps this crying evil within bounds. He has taken energetic measures to suppress this atrocious traffic, and, if properly supported, will soon succeed in bringing to justice or driving out of the country all those nefarious scoundrels who are engaged in it. I look upon this whiskey trading as a crime but little less than actual murder, for it brings with it a long train of attendant evils which are productive of a vast sum of human misery.

Owing to the judicious administration of Indian affairs by Superintendent Viall, there is a more contented feeling among all the Indians of this territory than there has ever been heretofore. They see and know that he is using all means in his power to promote their comfort and welfare, and had Indian affairs been managed in the past with as much justice and genuine kindness of heart as has been shown by Superintendent Viall we would have had fewer bloody and extensive Indian wars, and less of the hostile and suspicious feeling that long years of injustice, false promises and bad faith have engendered in the mind of the Indian, till he has grown to look on all our promises as mere subterfuges to swindle him. The total lack of good faith shown by our government, and the slight punishment that is sometimes inflicted on the Indians when they break the many treaties made with them, has caused the Indians to look on all treaties as a farce that either party can ignore at will.

Now when we do make a treaty with a tribe we should observe it to the letter, and should make them do the same, and until this is done no treaty will ever be observed for any length of time. The whites are almost invariably the first to break treaty stipulations, and then they wage war on the poor Indian for following their example.

The dictates of humanity demand that the Indians should be put on reservations, and fed and clothed by government until they become sufficiently instructed in the arts of civilized life to sustain themselves. The onward march of civilization is fast exterminating the noble red men, who were once the undisputed owners of all this fair land. They have suffered great injustice and cruelty, and unless they now have protection from the strong arm of the government, in a few short years their place will know them no more. I remain, very truly yours,

GRANVILLE STUART.

—The Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin repudiates the use of safes since the fact has come to light that Comptroller Connolly, of New York, could not, with $200,000 worth of them, prevent thieves from stealing his own vouchers.

CARPETS.

Carpet Department.

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THE STRONGEST, RICHEST FLAVORED, AND MOST DELICIOUS COFFEE IN THE WORLD.

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ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY. BOSTON, MASS., who supply dealers on liberal terms.

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Hallet, Davis & Co.'s PIANOFORTES. 25 Years Established. 75 FIRST PREMIUMS Have been awarded to Hallet, Davis & Co. for BEST PIANOS. 15,000 Have been sold and are now in use. N. B.—100 New Pianos to rent. Pianos sold on time, by paying part down and the balance in monthly payments.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE CELEBRATED MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

The most lasting, agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Cristadoro's Excelsior Liquid Hair Dye. [illegible]

Batchelor's Hair Dye. [illegible]

The Inventors' Exhibition AND PATENT RIGHT ASSOCIATION. [illegible]

GOVERNMENT SALE.

Large Sale of Army Clothing and Equipage. [illegible]

GREAT SWINE EXPOSITION.

A Magnificent Display of Hogs, and a Moderate Attendance of Visitors.

List of the Leading Exhibitors of Swine—The Berkshire Breed.

Premiums Awarded Yesterday—A General Fair Association.

The weather was crisp, bright, and beautiful yesterday, but it failed to bring out even a moderate crowd to the great Swine Exposition at Dexter Park. [illegible]

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[illegible]

THE SWINE.

We proceeded to give, in yesterday morning's issue, a general survey of the exposition, with a list of the leading contributors in each class, describing the breeds, and a few notes in regard to their origin and characteristics, but were cut short by our circumscribed room. We will try to-day to complete the description.

BERKSHIRES—CLASS A.

The following gentlemen are among the leading exhibitors of Berkshires: L. T. Clark, Quarga, Ill.; Alden Rankin, Monmouth, Ill.; J. R. Craig, Edmonton, Canada; Samuel H. Clay, Paris, Ky.; Snyder Brothers, Springfield, Ill.; J. G. Lowe, Bloomfield, Ill.; Nelson A. Nichols, Bloomington, Ill.; John Curry, Canada; G. Roach, Hamilton, Canada; S. S. Hanon, Decatur, Ill.; Thos. Bailey, Chicago, Ill.

The average number of each of the above herds is about fifty-five. Special mention should be made of some of these, but it must be deferred for a day or two.

[illegible]

POLAND-CHINAS.

[illegible]

WHITE CHESTERS.

[illegible]

The White Chester is probably the best known and most popular breed of native pigs in the United States. [illegible]

PREMIUMS.

The committees were busy yesterday in maturing their labors, and will continue their labors to-day. [illegible]

[illegible]

A PUBLIC CHARITY.

The Woman's Hospital of the State of Illinois.

This institution, which was chartered only three weeks ago, bids fair to supply a want long felt, and to become one of the most useful and important charities in the State. It is founded on a plan essentially similar to that of the Woman's Hospital of the State of New York, which, under the able management, has been the means of doing a vast amount of good to a large class of sufferers.

It has long been known and admitted that the hospital facilities of Chicago are entirely inadequate to meet the demands made upon them. While as a metropolis we have increased in wealth and commercial greatness; and while we have excelled in great enterprises in other directions, it must be conceded that in respect to our charitable institutions, worthy as many of these are, we are yet far behind our sister cities of the Eastern States.

The want of a free hospital for the special treatment of the diseases of females has been particularly urgent in our city, and this effort is the first adequate one which has been made to meet it. The plan of organization is broad in its conception, unsectional in its character, and unsectarian in its creed. Sick women, wherever found, are to be the objects of its charity. The ladies and gentlemen connected with it are among the most benevolent and influential in this city and State, while the medical staff, so far as it has been organized, includes many of our most prominent surgeons and physicians. Negotiations are already in progress for the securing of a commodious building, and in another fortnight we may expect the active work of the institution to commence. Patients are to be received from all portions of the State and treated free of charge in cases where they are unable to pay anything, while others whose means will enable them to pay a small weekly amount, will be required to do so.

The objects of the hospital, as recited in the charter of incorporation, are:

1. The treatment of the diseases and accidents peculiar to females, irrespective of creed, color, or condition in life.
2. The clinical instruction of students of medicine.
3. The practical training of nurses.

The Board of Lady Supervisors is composed of thirty women, who have charge of the moral and domestic management of the hospital, and who provide for its daily needs. [illegible]

The Board of Governors consists of twenty-four men, as follows: [illegible]

[illegible]

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

Transaction of Miscellaneous Unimportant Business Yesterday Afternoon.

The Board of Supervisors met yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, President Waite in the chair.

On motion of Supervisor King, the motion referring to the Finance Committee the petition from the officers of the town of South Chicago was reconsidered.

The petition was referred to the Committee on Town and Town Accounts.

The same action was taken in regard to the petition from the officers of the town of North Chicago.

A petition from the town of Proviso, asking an appropriation of a third of $1,100 for repairing a bridge, was referred to the Committee on Roads and Bridges.

A communication was read from the Cook County Board of Education in reference to the Normal School, presenting an account of the present condition of the school. [illegible]

It was referred to the Committee on Education.

A communication from the Committee on Poor House and Paupers, recommending the adoption of an improved plan of constructing boiler furnaces, known as Suiter's patent, for the Insane Asylum, was referred to the Committee on Poor House and Paupers, with power to act.

Supervisor King moved that each Supervisor select twenty-five names, and place the same in the Clerk's hands, to act as jurors. Carried.

The board then proceeded to elect Judges of Election for the city of Chicago.

Supervisor Holland moved to reconsider the vote referring the appointment of judges to the Supervisors of North, South, and West Chicago. Carried.

Supervisor Stevens moved that the Supervisor of each ward be instructed to prepare a list of Judges of Election, and hand the same to the board for action at 2 o'clock to-morrow. Carried.

The Committee on Miscellaneous Claims presented bills for stationery, advertising, etc., amounting to $5,521.24. The bills were passed.

The board adjourned till 2 o'clock this afternoon.

REAL ESTATE.

Warrantee deeds conveying city and suburban property within seven miles of the Court House, filed for record on Wednesday, September 20:

[illegible]

THE FREE LIBRARY EXPERIMENT.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: A local in to-day's TRIBUNE speaks of the Young Men's Christian Association Library as "absolutely free" to readers since last February. "Absolutely free" means nothing to pay, in the English language; yet several months since I endeavored to gain admission to the mentioned library, on terms absolutely free, but was told that for this freedom I must pay $2 a year. Contrast this price of admission to a good-sized library and it will be found exorbitant. [illegible] J. S.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20, 1871.

Three Negroes Executed for Murder.

New Orleans (Sept. 17) Correspondence of the New York World.

The execution of three colored men, named John Williams, Alfred Decareaux, and Noel (alias Madison) Hampton, convicted of the murder, on the 10th of May last, of Mr. Frank Monteith, took place yesterday in St. James' parish, in the presence of a considerable crowd of spectators. The circumstances of the murder were revealed by one of the few men who were arrested on suspicion of being the perpetrators.

Williams, Decareaux, and Hampton were convicted on the evidence of their accomplice Parker. The murdered man, Mr. Frank Monteith, had been left in charge of the grocery store of Mr. Chopin, situated on the levee near Wallace's plantation, Parish of St. James, and during the night he was set upon by the four miscreants, who, having robbed and murdered him, set fire to the premises.

Monteith's body was subsequently found by some of his friends in the river bank, and some suspicion attaching to the four negroes they were arrested. The affair created a great sensation throughout the neighborhood, and much satisfaction was felt when Governor Warmoth's order for the triple execution was delivered to Sheriff Oliver.

The execution took place on Saturday morning, almost at the precise spot where the crimes of murder, robbery and arson were committed. A number of persons went from here by boat to witness it. A peculiarity of the execution was, that the Sheriff, the executioner, the jailer, and the guards who surrounded the scaffold were all colored men.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN DECLINES.

Emphatic Expressions with Regard to the Comptrollership—"An Unfortunate Affair"—"Things Look Very Black."

From the New York Times, Sept. 19.

A representative of the *Times* visited General McClellan last evening at his residence near Orange, N. J. The General received the reporter very kindly, and was very courteous and affable. He evinced no disposition whatever to be reticent, but spoke his sentiments freely and frankly. The following is the conversation which ensued, substantially:

Reporter. Pardon me for the intrusion, General, but there is much anxiety felt in New York in regard to the present dispute between Mayor Hall and Comptroller Connolly, and anything of interest in regard to the matter is of deep concern to the public.

General McClellan. You need make no apologies. I am very glad to have met you, and what little concerns me in relation to the unfortunate affair I am free and willing to communicate for publication in the *Times*.

Reporter. It is announced in an afternoon journal, and reported all over the city of New York, that you had accepted the office of Comptroller, tendered you by Mayor Hall this morning.

General McClellan. There is not a word of truth in the report. I can assure you that I declined verbally and emphatically to Mr. Hall, soon after the reception of his letter offering me the position, that I could not take it, and in the afternoon sent to the Mayor's office a written refusal to accept the unenviable place.

Reporter. Do you not think, General, that the action of the Mayor looks very much like throwing you, with your unsullied name, into the breach to hide their roguery?

General McClellan. I don't know; the case looks very, very black, and I wish, for the sake of my party, that I could look upon these accounts more composedly than I do. It is a most unfortunate affair, indeed, and I can see but little hope of any explanation being made that will restore confidence in the integrity of anyone who has been in any way connected with the city finances.

Reporter. What do you think of Mr. Green's appointment?

General McClellan. I deem it an excellent one. Mr. Green is a man of well-known probity, and should not fail to satisfy all except those influenced by the most reprehensible partisan motives. I am sure that there could not have been a better appointment. Beside, I really do not think that this is a matter of politics. The Comptroller's office, I take it, should be at all times perfectly untrammelled.

Reporter. Would you have accepted the Comptrollership if Mr. Connolly had resigned?

General McClellan. Though by no means desiring to do so, I think I might have done it last week, but only at the request of the most prominent gentlemen in both the Democratic and Republican parties. As the case now stands, there are too many complications connected with it, and above all, I can hardly see what possible good can be done by my acceptance. The matter is black enough in all conscience.

Reporter. How do you think the disclosures of the *Times* will affect the Democratic vote in the State and in the country at large?

General McClellan. I should be sorry if the alleged peculations of a few men could influence the vote of the Democratic party at large.

Reporter. You have a great many friends and admirers, General, all over the country—good, honest Democrats, who feel very much concerned about your course, and who will now rejoice that you have not allowed yourself to be made the tool of a corrupt municipal administration.

General McClellan. I thank you exceedingly (grasping the hand of the reporter warmly).

After a few general remarks the reporter withdrew, followed to the piazza by General McClellan, who then reiterated that the whole business was "a most unfortunate affair," and he did not see "how they were going to get out of it."

A WALL STREET EXCITEMENT.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Dividend.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Sept. 18.

Readers of our third edition, to-day, were informed, in the money article, that a dividend of 33⅓ per cent in scrip had been made on the capital stock of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad Company. This scrip is to be charged with a payment of 33⅓ per cent; and when that amount is paid up the company will issue full paid stock to replace the certificates of scrip. The stock will then be $14,000,000 larger than it is to-day, and will amount to the respectable nominal amount of $49,000,000. To make this a round $50,000,000 the company will keep $1,000,000 of stock in reserve, as working capital.

This little story of a morning's work of an executive committee is soon told in words; but, if we could spare a whole issue of our paper, we could fill it with a history of the plans and doubts, hopes and fears, truths unbelieved, and lies greedily swallowed, that have accumulated for month around the business of which this is the formal completion. To the public at large it is a small matter; but to that large and wealthy part of it which busies itself with the stock market, the question of the Lake Shore dividend has been an absorbing interest for months past.

Every time that market drooped the Lake Shore extra dividend was promised as a reviver; every time it was buoyant it must be because the dividend had been actually made. Everything was made to hinge upon it, and we are not sure but some speculators thought it closely connected with the rising of the sun, and the probabilities of the next cotton crop.

Well, it has come, and Lake Shore has gone down to 112. What is the reason of it? The price for the stock, augmented as described, will be 90, to equal the present 112. The question is, can buyers be found for the new property at that price? If they can, it will benefit no one to sell them, and an advance is all that can benefit the speculative holders. Who will give them this advance? To begin, it is not every one who believes that the issue of full paid stock, in exchange for payment of less than $100 per share, is a matter that will bear inquiry in the courts. Our own State is perhaps uncertain on this point; but there is that terrible State of Ohio, and Lake Shore is one of its principal railroads.

That State has a provoking way of looking sharply into transactions of this kind; and there are operators in the stock of the company quite ready to take a leaf out of the injunction book, or the grand jury book, or any of those volumes, without which, in these days, no gentleman's library is complete.

We shall see what we shall see, and something lively, too. The lawyers may have some profitable business out of this yet, and the brokers will, of course, be busy.

UTAH.

The United States District Court in Session—Mormons Setting the Church Above the State—Prominent Saints to be Brought to Justice—Suicidal Policy of the Union Pacific Railroad.

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 18.

The September term of the Third United States District Court, Chief Justice McKean presiding, was held to-day. The grand and petit juries were summoned.

Three prominent Mormons were summoned on the grand jury. On the challenge of United States Attorney Baskin for cause, George C. Cannon, editor of the *Deseret News*, one of the apostles of the Church, was asked if he held the revelations superior to the laws. He replied that he was not prepared to answer that question, but to the inquiries whether he regarded a man living in polygamy as guilty of adultery under the law, he replied that he did not, when it was entered into under a revelation, as he clearly placed the revelations above the law as a rule of conduct. Mr. Cannon was set aside by Judge McKean.

Two other prominent Mormons, who agreed with Mr. Cannon's belief that Church revelations were superior to the law, were set aside.

The jury will be completed to-morrow, and the general impression is that some high personages will be indicted for a variety of crimes, and efforts will be made to enforce the laws of the United States and to bring to punishment men guilty of high crimes in years gone by, when Brigham Young was the Governor of Utah and the Church was above the State.

The term of the court promises to result in very important actions, which will go far to settle the status of the General Government, so far as it relates to assumed superiority of the Church of Latter-Day Saints.

The shipment of ores and bullion East has almost entirely ceased in consequence of the suicidal policy of the Union Pacific Railroad. Most of the ores now go West, because of the favorable local rates on the Central Pacific, which is largely increasing its business.

More than five hundred empty cars were sent East last month, and more than a thousand tons of valuable ores are awaiting shipment at cheap rates.

—The reception given by Messrs. Bowles Brothers, in Paris, September 2, to the Hon. W. H. Seward was a brilliant and successful affair. Mr. Nathan Appleton presented the guests to Mr. Seward, who looked very well, was in the best of spirits, and had a pleasant word for everybody. He thinks his long pleasure trip has improved his general health. Mr. Washburne, General Reed, General Banks, George Wilkes, Montgomery Gibbs and Mr. Van Wert, the sculptor, were among the guests. [illegible] Mr. Seward left Paris for Berlin in a few days, from Berlin to London, thence to Liverpool, from which port he intended to sail September 13, on the Russia, for New York.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 20.

In the money markets, both local and general, there is more activity in the demand for money, but not to a degree that would cause apprehensions of stringency. The drain of currency from New York to this city, and from here to the grain raising districts, is one of the principal causes of the change in the aspect of the money market during the past week; but it seems probable now that this movement has about culminated. Several of the leading banks here are now receiving about as much currency from the country as they are sending out, and though some are still ordering small amounts of currency from New York, the bulk of the movement seems to be over for the present. The liberal receipts of grain here from the country bring with them a credit to the account of the country that is equivalent to money as soon as it moves forward from here, and this, with a return of a portion of the currency from the districts where it has facilitated the marketing of the grain, ought to keep money reasonably easy in this market, and also to aid in keeping it so in New York.

Exchange was sold between banks to-day at 1-10 discount. At the counter bankers sell at par and buy at ⅛ discount.

The following quotations for buying and selling government bonds and local stocks in this market, this afternoon, are furnished by Lunt, Preston & Kean, bankers, 27 Clark street:

GOVERNMENTS.	Buying.	Selling.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

LAND WARRANTS AND SCRIP.	Buying.	Selling.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Agricultural College land scrip	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following were the telegraphic quotations to-day:

GOLD IN NEW YORK.			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

SECURITIES IN LONDON—1:30 P. M.

Consols ... [illegible]

On the 18th the National Treasury held $96,000,000 of gold, while the amount of gold certificates outstanding was $15,000,000. This latter amount represents not only the $10,000,000 of specie reported by the New York banks in their weekly statement of the 16th, but about all the other gold owned by private parties in the Eastern cities, and from this it may be estimated that the entire stock of specie in the Atlantic States is not over $100,000,000. The exports of specie from the port of New York, for the week ending September 16, were $221,701, and since the beginning of the year the total exports compare with past years as follows:

Total since January 1, 1871	[illegible]
Same time in 1870	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

There is a class of the citizens of Canada who can not get over the notion that the Dominion is in some way a sort of competitive establishment that must be run in opposition to the United States. The latest development of this idea is a notion current in Canada, that because the Government of the United States has built one Pacific Railroad and given it away to two corporations, and that it having been demonstrated within the past few months that this road was turning the Oriental trade from its ancient channels, Canada must have a transcontinental road also. The Canucks claim that, by locating a line through British territory, two or three hundred miles north of the line of the Northern Pacific, they can make a route between Pekin and Liverpool six hundred miles shorter than by any of the existing or projected transcontinental roads in the territory of the United States, and that it will cross the Rocky Mountains at an elevation nearly 3,000 feet lower than the route of the Northern Pacific. Some are in favor of bringing the proposed road into United States territory, and connecting it with the Northern Pacific somewhere in Dakota Territory, but others, who go in strong on the competitive idea, insist that it shall sweep around through the bleak wilderness north of the lakes, and so "avoid Yankeedom"—and we might say, also, all the rest of mankind.

The total consumption of tea in the United States for the year 1870 was estimated at 46,000,000 pounds. Our total consumption of sugar in 1870 was less than $28 per head of the population, while that of Great Britain was $35 per head. The increased importation of coffee during the last eight months over the imports of the same period of the previous year, says the New York *Post*, [illegible] notwithstanding this increase and a reduction of two cents per pound in the duty, the average price of coffee is within a fraction of a cent as high as it was last year at this time. In the prices of sugar there is a still greater anomaly. The amount of sugar imported during the eight months ending August 31, 1871, was 446,139 tons, against 390,639 tons during the same time in 1870. The total consumption of foreign and domestic sugar during 1871 has been 367,548 tons, while it was 326,166 tons during the first eight months of 1870. The range of prices, however, on the 14th of September in each year was almost exactly the same, and this, notwithstanding the reduction of nearly 1 cent per pound in the duty.

LATER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—Gold call at 114⅝@114⅞. [illegible]

The stock market was active and feverish. [illegible]

Money was easy at 4 to 6 per cent.

State bonds dull.

Sterling, 109⅝.

Governments—			
Coupons, '81	[illegible]	Coupons, '67	[illegible]
Coupons, '62	[illegible]	Coupons, '68	[illegible]
Coupons, '64	[illegible]	10-40s	[illegible]
Coupons, '65	[illegible]	Currency 6s	[illegible]
Coupons, (new)	[illegible]		
State bonds—			
Missouris	[illegible]	Old Virginias	[illegible]
Old Tennessees	[illegible]	Old N. Carolinas	[illegible]
New Tennessees	[illegible]	New N. Carolinas	[illegible]
New Virginias	[illegible]		
Stocks closed—			
Canton	[illegible]	Rock Island	[illegible]
W. U. Tel	[illegible]	New Jersey Cent	[illegible]
Quicksilver	[illegible]	St. Paul	[illegible]
Mariposa	[illegible]	St. Paul pfd	[illegible]
Mariposa pfd	[illegible]	Wabash	[illegible]
Adams Express	[illegible]	Wabash pfd	[illegible]
Wells & Fargo	[illegible]	Fort Wayne	[illegible]
American	[illegible]	Terre Haute	[illegible]
United States	[illegible]	Terre Haute pfd	[illegible]
Pacific Mail	[illegible]	C. & A.	[illegible]
New York Central	[illegible]	C. & A. pfd	[illegible]
N. Y. C. scrip	[illegible]	Ohio & M.	[illegible]
Erie	[illegible]	C. C. & C.	[illegible]
Erie pfd	[illegible]	C. B. & Q.	[illegible]
Harlem	[illegible]	Lake Shore	[illegible]
Harlem pfd	[illegible]	Indiana Central	[illegible]
Reading	[illegible]	Illinois Central	[illegible]
Michigan Central	[illegible]	Union Pacific	[illegible]
Pittsburgh	[illegible]	Union Pacific bonds	[illegible]
Northwestern	[illegible]	Central Pacific	[illegible]
Northwestern pfd	[illegible]		

COMMERCIAL.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 20.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours:

	Receipts. 1871.	Receipts. 1870.	Shipments. 1871.	Shipments. 1870.
Flour, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wheat, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rye, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barley, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Grass seed, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Broom corn, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cut meats, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Beef, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pork, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lard, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tallow, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Butter, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dressed hogs, No	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Live hogs, No	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cattle, No	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hides, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Highwines, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wool, lbs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Potatoes, bu	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lumber, m	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Shingles, m	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lath, m	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salt, brls	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following grain has been inspected into store up to 10 o'clock this morning: 294 cars wheat; 309 cars corn; 25,200 bu No. 2 do; 6,000 bu rejected do; 164 cars oats; 14,500 bu No. 2 do; 61 cars rye; 139 cars barley. Total (1,056 cars), 515,000 bu.

Withdrawn yesterday for city consumption: 5,945 bu wheat; 2,962 bu corn; 2,255 bu oats; 550 bu rye; 906 bu barley.

There was less doing on 'Change to-day, with little variation in prices from yesterday. The markets were steady, owing to confidence on the part of holders, but buyers were fewer, the tone of Eastern advices not being very encouraging to purchasers, while the expected advance in freights tended to repress the ardor of shippers. The receipts were larger than for several days past.

Highwines were active, at ½c advance. The buying orders here have been much larger than the offerings for two or three days past, and to-day New York was privately reported at 95c, though the public telegram quoted it heavy at 94c. Sales here were 750 brls at 90½c per gallon. The market closed strong, holders asking 90c.

Lake freights were less active, and nominally unchanged, shippers generally asking ½c decline, which the vessel-owners professed to be unwilling to accept, as only a few vessels are here; but the fact that most of the charters were made on private terms indicates some weakening. A total of seven grain charters was reported to-day, which, with two made several days ago (to arrive), will carry out 35,000 bu wheat, 122,000 bu corn, 60,000 bu oats, and 93,000 bu barley. Sail rates were nominally 9c on wheat, 8½c on corn, and 6½c on oats, to Buffalo. Corn was taken to Kingston at 13½c. Through rates unchanged. It was announced that an advance of 5c per brl on flour, and 5c per 100 lbs on grains and fourth class freight, will be made to-morrow, to New York, Boston, Portland, New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Providence, Cleveland, and all Southern seaboard and interior points. Lake freights will probably follow suit; they usually do so.

Provisions were almost inactive, and nominally easier on pork and lard, owing to a reported heavy feeling in New York. Pork was quoted the same as yesterday, but with no buyers except for special brands. Lard was not wanted. Meats were nominally unchanged, there being none offered, as holders were satisfied that the dullness is but temporary, and anticipate no difficulty in working off the reduced stocks at full prices. Probably the swine exhibition at the Stock Yards had much to do with the inactivity, as many operators were in attendance there till towards the close of 'Change. The stocks of provisions in Louisville are reported at 2,800 brls pork, 1,500 tcs lard, 600,000 lbs shoulders, and 3,200,000 lbs sides, the meats including bacon. The following was the closing range of prices: Mess pork, regular, cash, or seller the month, $12.75@12.87½; do seller October, $13.00; do seller December, $13.00@13.25; do seller the year, $12.70. Lard, cash or seller the month, 8⅞ bid, 9c asked; do seller December, 8¾c; do seller the year, 8½c. [illegible]

Flour was in fair demand on local account, and, although the New York advices were of an unfavorable character, holders were realizing yesterday's quotations. [illegible]

Wheat was less active, but firm, at an average decline of ¼c from yesterday. Liverpool was quoted easier, and New York was quiet early, but was afterwards reported firm, with a more active demand. This brought out buyers towards the close, but till past noon there was very little wanted, though holders were quite firm in their views, in spite of the liberal receipts. The continued weakness in Liverpool, as contrasted with the reiterated reports that the European crops are disastrously deficient, presents a decided anomaly, which is suggestive of a "colored person in de fence" somewhere; but it should be remembered that Liverpool has already experienced a sharp advance from that cause, and the present weakness may be only a legitimate reaction from recent buoyancy. That the feeling among local operators is decidedly favorable to a further advance, is shown in the fact that wheat sells for just as much with the seller's option to deliver any time before New Year's day, as for delivery now. There was a moderate shipping demand to-day, but the trading was chiefly speculative. On the Early Board seller October—the option principally dealt in—sold at $1.15½@1.16¼. On 'Change the market opened at $1.15¾, improved to $1.16, fell off slightly, and advanced to $1.17¼, closing at $1.17 seller the month, or cash No. 2 spring, and ¾c below October, closing at $1.16¾. [illegible]

Corn was moderately active, though less so than yesterday, and averaged ¼c higher, though our receipts were again liberal. [illegible]

Oats were less active, but steady at about the same prices as yesterday, being reported firm in New York. [illegible]

Rye was in good demand, but about ½c lower, the advance of yesterday being considered too much in view of the fact that New York is unchanged, giving scarcely any margin for shipment. [illegible]

Barley was in good demand, and 1½@2c higher, being wanted for shipment. [illegible]

The barley dealers are just now having a lively time in the discussion of the value of barley a year old, as compared with the new crop. Some enterprising genius, who had not the fear of the Committee of Arbitration before his eyes, delivered a 5,000 bu lot of No. 2 barley a few days ago, which contained receipts for 4 cars dated 13 months ago. That lot has been successively tendered to, and refused by, nearly a dozen parties, sold half a dozen times, and yet is not off the market. It is understood that the Committee of Arbitration have decided the whole lot to be "regular," though it certainly will not bring as much on the market as if all the receipts were dated recently. It is not, however, probable that any old barley would be delivered on those receipts, but then, no one likes to run the risk of drawing it out.

The attendance of buyers upon the market for dry goods to-day was fair, and a large business was transacted at yesterday's ruling prices. The stocks of the leading brands of prints, sheetings, and shirtings are large and well assorted. Carpetings continue in good inquiry, and the prevailing feeling is one of firmness. Groceries were in active demand from the interior, and, in view of the fact that stocks are not heavy, quotations are well sustained. Refined grades of sugars are still scarce, both here and at the East. The boot and shoe market was a shade more active, and the views of jobbers were firm at unchanged quotations. There was a moderate movement in the market for drugs and chemicals, and dealers experienced no trouble in realizing Tuesday's prices. Lumber at the yards was again in urgent inquiry, and for the upper grades, which are being shipped largely to the East, prices tend upward. Common qualities are steady. In the market for metals, iron, and nails trade was fairly active, and quotations were strong. Wool was only in fair inquiry, yet sales are being made at former figures. Timothy seed was in better demand, but, under large offerings, prices were again weaker, with sales at a range of $1.75@2.15 for poor to choice qualities. Clover sold at $5.00, and flax at $1.55@1.60. There was a satisfactory business doing in the leading oils, and the feeling developed was one of decided firmness. There was no change in prices. [illegible] Hides continue quiet, without perceptible change in values. There was a light local and Eastern demand, and a light supply at 11¼c for light, and 10½c for heavy. The hay market was quoted reasonably active, and firm at previous prices. No change was visible in the condition of the cheese, coal, fish or fruit markets, a fair demand existing and prices ruling steady. Eggs were in ample supply at 17@18c ⅌ doz, with sales chiefly at 18@19c. The cattle market was dull and weak at a decline of 25c from Monday's prices. Hogs were more active and stronger, but without material advance in prices, sales making at $4.00@4.60.

The *Daily Commercial Bulletin* says:

As considerable inconvenience is experienced in this market, in disposing of live poultry, caused by the overcrowding of coops, the Humane Society for the Punishment of Cruelty to Animals has taken the matter in hand, and propose to prosecute all parties who may be found in possession of overcrowded coops in the future. [illegible]

[illegible]

CHICAGO DAILY MARKET.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 20.

BUTTER—The demand was only fair, being mainly confined to choice grades, to supply the local trade. [illegible]

BAGGING—Was quiet and easy at the following quotations: [illegible]

BUILDING MATERIALS—Dealers reported a fair demand, and quotations ruled firm: [illegible]

BRAN—Sales of 40 tons at $15.50, on track.

MIDDLINGS—Sales of 30 tons at $20.50, on track.

CHEESE—The cheese trade was again reported fairly active, and the market was firm at the advanced prices established. We continue to quote: New York factory, 11@13c; Ohio factory, 10@12c; Western factory, 10@12c.

COAL—[illegible]

COFFEES—There are no new features to note in connection with this market. [illegible]

CANDLES—[illegible]

COOPERAGE—The inquiry was larger, and the market was firmer. [illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]

FRUITS AND NUTS—The inquiry for fruits was fair, and the market was quoted firm at previous prices. [illegible]

FISH—[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]

GREEN FRUITS—[illegible]

HAY—Was firm at full prices. [illegible]

HIDES—Continue quiet at previous rates. [illegible]

IRON AND STEEL—Trade was fair and quotations were unchanged:

[illegible]	[illegible]

LEATHER—The leather trade was reported fairly active all around, and the prevailing feeling was steady. We make no change in our quotations, as follows: [illegible]

METALS AND TINNERS' STOCK—There was no improvement in the demand, although a very satisfactory business was transacted. We continue to quote: [illegible]

NAILS—Trade was moderately active, with sales upon the basis of $4.12½ rates: [illegible]

OILS—Lard, linseed, carbon, and turpentine were in good request, and were being held with decided firmness. Other descriptions were quiet and steady. [illegible]

POULTRY—Was in large supply, and for chickens prices were weak. [illegible]

POTATOES—Were in good local demand, and prices were steady. [illegible]

RICE—[illegible]

SOAPS—Trade continues active, both on local and interior accounts. [illegible]

SEEDS—Sales were as follows: [illegible]

STARCH—[illegible]

SODA AND SALERATUS—[illegible]

SPICES—[illegible]

SALT—Met with a moderate demand, and sales were quick at the following quotations: [illegible]

SUGARS—[illegible]

SYRUPS—Trade in this department continues active on interior account. [illegible]

TEAS—The general features of this market remain substantially the same as last week. [illegible]

TOBACCO—Remains firm at unchanged prices, the following being current: [illegible]

WOOD—The wood market was without change. [illegible]

WOOL—[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 20.

The following table shows the daily receipts of live stock during the week, up to this evening:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tuesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wednesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Same time last week	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Week before last	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Shipments to-day, and for the week, up to this evening, were as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tuesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wednesday	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

CATTLE—[illegible]

CATTLE SALES TO-DAY.

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

HOGS—[illegible]

HOG SALES TO-DAY.

No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

SHEEP—There was little change in the sheep market. [illegible]

SHEEP SALES TO-DAY.

No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

CHICAGO LUMBER MARKET.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Sept. 20.

CARGOES—The demand for lumber afloat was fairly active, and the feeling among holders was one of firmness. Prices, however, were nominally unchanged. A sawed shingles were in fair inquiry, with sales at $3.10 per 1,000. Lath sold at former figures. [illegible]

[illegible]

AT THE YARDS.

There was no abatement in the demand, and a large amount of trading was done at unchanged prices. The stocks are in good condition. We quote:

First clear, 1 inch to 2 inch	[illegible]	[illegible]
Second clear, 1 inch to 2 inch	[illegible]	[illegible]
Third clear, 1 inch	[illegible]	[illegible]
Third clear, thick	[illegible]	[illegible]
First and second clear flooring, together, rough	[illegible]	[illegible]
First and second clear siding, together	[illegible]	[illegible]
Common siding	[illegible]	[illegible]
Common flooring, dressed	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wagon-box boards, selected	[illegible]	[illegible]
A stock boards	[illegible]	[illegible]
B stock boards	[illegible]	[illegible]
Common boards, joist, scantling, and small timber	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fencing	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pickets	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cedar posts	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lath	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sawed shingles	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

ON TRACK.

Trade is improving, and quotations were firm, as follows: [illegible]

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

FINANCIAL.

LONDON, Sept. 20—4:30 p. m.—Consols 92 for money; 92⅝ for account. [illegible]

FRANKFORT, Sept. 20.—Bonds, 96⅞. [illegible]

PARIS, Sept. 20.—Rentes, 56 francs 65 centimes.

COMMERCIAL.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 20.—Cotton heavy; middling uplands, 9⅛@9¼; Orleans, 9⅝@9¾. Sales 12,000 bales; speculation and export, 4,000 bales. [illegible]

Buffalo Live Stock Market.

BUFFALO, Sept. 20.—Beeves—Cattle, [illegible]

Sheep—Quiet and unchanged. [illegible]

Hogs—Receipts, 2,000. Market steady and unchanged. [illegible]

New York Dry Goods Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—The dry goods market continues moderately active, and prices are steady and firm. [illegible]

Cotton Markets.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 20.—Cotton dull at 18¼@18½c.

MOBILE, Sept. 20.—Cotton quiet at 18¼c.

GALVESTON, Sept. 20.—Cotton dull and lower at 16½@16¾c.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 20.—Cotton—Quiet; sales of 350 bales good ordinary at 17⅜@17½c. [illegible]

Produce Markets.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—COTTON—In good demand; middling uplands, 20¾c. [illegible]

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet and unchanged. [illegible]

BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—[illegible]

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm. [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm. [illegible]

WHISKEY—Firm; iron-bound Western, 94c.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour dull and holders anxious to sell. [illegible]

OSWEGO.

OSWEGO, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour steady. [illegible]

MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 20.—COTTON—Unsettled; low middling 18⅛c. [illegible]

NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, Sept. 20.—COTTON—Firm; low middling, 18⅝c. [illegible]

INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Wheat firm and unchanged. [illegible]

LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 20.—TOBACCO—Very active and strong. [illegible]

ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 20.—COTTON—Nominally unchanged. [illegible]

DETROIT.

DETROIT, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Wheat steady and firm. [illegible]

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet and unchanged. [illegible]

TOLEDO.

TOLEDO, Sept. 20.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour steady. [illegible]

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Port of Chicago.

ARRIVED ... Sept. 20.

Stmr Muskegon, Grand Haven, sundries.
Stmr Corona, St. Joseph, sundries.
Prop Truesdell, Green Bay, sundries.
Prop Ira Chaffee, [illegible]
Prop Hilton, Benton Harbor, sundries.
Prop Van Raalte, Benton Harbor, sundries.
[illegible]

CLEARED ... Sept. 20.

[illegible]

Vessels Passed Detroit.

DETROIT, Sept. 20.—Down—[illegible]

Illinois and Michigan Canal.

CANAL OFFICE, CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—[illegible]

Vessels Passed Welland Canal.

The following vessels passed Port Colborne, Sept. 18: [illegible]

Lake Freights.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—We note the following engagements: [illegible]

BUFFALO, Sept. 19.—[illegible]

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 19.—[illegible]

BAY CITY, Sept. 19.—Vessels are charging for lumber from Bay City to Cleveland, $2.50; from East Saginaw to Cleveland, $3.00. [illegible]

Disasters.

An unknown vessel, apparently grain laden, is ashore on Port Austin reef. [illegible]

[illegible]

—The steamer Ada Medora, which became waterlogged during the late storm on Lake Erie, [illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous Items.

[illegible]

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. Bassett,

[illegible]

Dr. A. G. Olin,

[illegible]

Dr. C. Bigelow,

NO. 179 SOUTH CLARK-ST., CORNER MONROE, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE UNRIVALLED SPECIALIST OF THE AGE.

[illegible]

PROPOSALS.

Proposals for Iron Frame Barrack Bunks.

[illegible]

M. C. MEIGS, Quartermaster General, Bvt. Major General U. S. A.

Great Western Railway OF CANADA.

[illegible]

JOSEPH PRICE, Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario, [illegible]

PROPOSALS.

[illegible]

JAMES F. JOHNSON, President [illegible]

Atchison, Kansas, August [illegible]

TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Illinois Central.

Union Depot—Foot of Lake-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Michigan Central & Great Western Railroads.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Danville & Vincennes Railroad.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

	Leave.	Arrive.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F.

Proceedings of the Third Day of the Annual Session.

Presentation of a Valuable Jewel to Dr. J. F. Morse.

Grand Reunion at Metropolitan Hall Last Evening.

Addresses by Prominent Members of the Order.

The Vice President of the United States One of the Speakers.

IN SECRET SESSION.

OPEN MEETING.

"SELF-MADE MEN."

Inauguration of the Star Lecture Course—Farwell Hall Crowded—Address of Hon. Horace Greeley.

A Free Public Library.

Platteville.

Progressive.

A Wonderful Yarn, that Proves Untrue.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Athletics "Chawed Up" by the Rockfords—Score, 32 to 11.

Game Between the Atlantics and Mutuals for the Goldie Benefit.

Running Race at Pekin.—The Quebec Regatta.

BASE BALL.

ROCKFORDS VS. ATHLETICS.

THE SCORE.

THE TURF.

AQUATIC.

THE QUEBEC REGATTA.

Nevada Hotel.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MARRIED.

DIED.

AUCTION SALES.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.

DRY GOODS,

Clothing, Woolens, Linen Goods, Notions, Blankets, Buck Goods, &c.

AT AUCTION,

On Thursday Sept. 21, at 9½ o'clock.

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auct'rs.

45 Residence Lots IN ENGLEWOOD

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION

On FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1871,

REGULAR SATURDAY'S SALE.

CHAMBER AND PARLOR SETS,

Household Goods of All Kinds,

CARPETS, &c.,

AT AUCTION.

HUMBOLDT PARK AND NORTH AVENUE PROPERTY AT AUCTION.

Elegant Residence Lots!

INSIDE THE CITY LIMITS!

FRONTING ON

Humboldt Park & North Avenue,

WILL BE SOLD

BY WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

Humboldt Park is Only Two Miles West of the Chicago River!

EVERY LOT OFFERED WILL BE SOLD!

WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers.

ELEGANT FURNITURE,

BRUSSELS CARPETS, ETC.

AT AUCTION,

On Monday, Sept. 25, at 10 o'clock,

By GEO. P. GORE & CO.

At AUCTION,

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

CARPETS,

CROCKERY, AND MIRRORS.

GEO. P. GORE & CO., Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALE

OF THAT SPLENDID PIECE OF

REAL ESTATE

KNOWN AS

THE SOLDIERS' HOME,

ON

SATURDAY, Sept. 30,

AT 10 A. M.,

ON PREMISES.

Illinois Central cars at 9:45 a.m. or Cottage Grove street cars every five minutes to Douglas Place.

Title perfect, and immediate possession given.

GEO. P. GORE & CO., Auctioneers.

By T. E. STACY, Agent.

MORTGAGE SALE.

T. E. STACY, Deputy Sheriff.

By T. E. STACY, Agent.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871,

By T. E. STACY, Agent.

SALE OF LIVERY STOCK OF A LARGE STABLE.

By COLBY & WIRTS,

Friday, Sept. 22, at 10 o'clock,

WILL BE SOLD AT AUCTION,

BY COLBY & WIRTS,

First-Class Furniture,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Second-hand Furniture.

COLBY & WIRTS, Auctioneers.

By C. M. GILBERT & CO.

500 PACKAGES FINE TEAS.

By C. M. GILBERT & CO.,

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC CIGARS.

FOR SALE.

AMUSEMENTS.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, THE FAVORITE DEARBORN

MINSTRELS.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

The Public Will Not Allow It to be Withdrawn

CAMILLE!

Secure seats during the day.

McVICKER'S NEW THEATRE.

SARATOGA!

Every Night and Saturday Matinee.

COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

To conclude with the

ARTFUL DODGER.

FARWELL HALL.

HYERS SISTERS,

MARTINE'S

DANCING ACADEMIES

OPEN SEPT. 22.

PARLOR, 246 AND 250 OHIO-ST.

TEMPLE, 53 AND 55 ADA-ST.

J. EDWIN MARTINE.

BOURNIQUE'S

DANCING ACADEMIES

OPEN OCTOBER 2.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FINANCIAL.

PARTNERS WANTED.

SEWING MACHINES.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

CLAIRVOYANTS.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, ETC.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

WANTED TO RENT.

LOST AND FOUND.

MACHINERY.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

INSTRUCTION.

PERSONAL.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

BOARD WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[HORACE] GREELEY AND THE SELF-MADE MAN.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

[HORA]CE GREELEY AND THE SELF-MADE MAN.

[To the Editor] of The Chicago Tribune:

... with sentiments of no slight ... ation that I took my seat, the ... to listen to the utterances of ... Protectionist of America, ... subject of the "Self-Made Man." ... eminently befit one the sad ... of whose early training have ... him out from the glories and ... of that proud position. One ... my own unhappy case, has had ... to share in the training and ... a great English public school and ... stands in a position of apologetic ... and arrested development, in ... these noble children of the soil, ... made man, he who has not known ... in his youth, may learn ... his maturer years. But ... been taught young, and had his ... the stocks and his brain in the ... schools, can never know what ... might have been to him to have ... the savage freedom of pure and un... self-development. It is very ... proper, therefore, that he should ... himself with modest self-deprecation ... teachings and deliverances of the ... beings whose lungs have never ... strained in their wild shrieks of lib... the traditions of training and the ... the pedagogue.

... case of the famous editor of the ... York Tribune, this humility of mine, so ... to the inferiority of a university-... man, was aggravated even to depres... something I had read in an illus... paper, in a lately-published biography ... writing and much-writing person... The writer of this memoir declared ... exemplary gravity that "spelling ... by nature." And I could not but re... that another eminent protectionist, ... John Cade, commonly, and by ... unwarrantable liberty taken ... historians, called Jack Cade, pledged ... according to the report of Shaks... to the analogous proposition that ... and writing come by nature," ... eminent ancient and modern testi... to the superfluity of scholastic disci... the powers of the natural or self-... vividly before my mind, I think ... to Mr. Greeley's lecture with a ... as nearly as possible purged of all ... for the accidental advantages of ... and prepared to submit to any proof ... weight and significance of ... over education.

... I came away from it with ... that this proof was yet to be pro... a conclusive shape. And I had not ... satisfaction of receiving any ... in which my mind could rest of ... meaning of the fascinating and ... phrase which was taken as the sub... the lecture. My mind had hitherto ... a sort of experimental way the ... between self-made men and God-... And unphilosophical as such a ... be admitted to be, I de... to help from the exposition of Mr. ... arriving at a more accurate and ... expression of the precise sort ... who can be said in any sense ... himself. The mind, in... is harassed much by the ... of theories upon our origin at this ... Theology, looking at the race broad-... universally, declares that God made ... Personages of a deeply self-conscious ... like Topsy and Mr. Horace ... advance theories of a different kind, ... in the notion, opposed to theology, ... isolated and specific product ... a precursor of the more sci... demonstrative Darwin, declared ... "growed," "expected" she growed ... logical phrase by which that ... young lady indicated that her ... yet open to any proof to the con... On the other hand, Mr. Greeley, ... more rashly dogmatic and ... in opinion than Topsy, ... there are men who make them... implies that he is one of them. ... whole, in this great controversy, ... mind has somehow to reach a ... amid the conflicting authorities ... Greeley, and Darwin, I shall abide ... principle indicated by Mr. Hudson, ... railway king, when he was Lord ... York. In that capacity he had to ... banquet to the members of the ... Association for the Advancement of ... when that body met in his city. ... those days there was mortal and ... strife between the clergy and the ... upon the subject of creation. And ... Chapter of the Cathedral declar... they would not sit at meat with Dr. ... and the geological section who ... or seemed to impugn the ... of Genesis. The Lord Mayor had to ... whether his board should be ... by the clergy or the geologists. ... he stood by orthodoxy and his fel...; and he intimated his resolve ... Buckland, the President of the sec... in these terms: "Sorry I can't ask ... Doctor; but the fact is, we're determined ... by Moses and the Dean." So, I, ... the present, shall stand by Moses and ... and not even the illustrious ... of all the Greeleys of the ... induce me to deny my Maker.

... of Mr. Greeley's lecture did not ... me for the lack of light on the ... paramount question of scientific ... syllabus of the lecture would ... itself into the following proposi... The big trees of California are very ... indeed, that all the scientific ... the world may be challenged to come ... their blow-pipes and see if they ... anything like them. Greek and ... of no use if they don't help you to ... daily bread. Franklin, the pat... made man, was greater than George ... and it was his moral influence ... this country the French al... the Revolutionary war; and if ... been a university man, he ... scarcely have been able to ... influence. Daniel Boone is the ... vagabond," and unintelli... Mr. Greeley, who expressly declared ... would not be a Boone"—a declara... which, though I cannot say exactly ... me great satisfaction. Robert ... was a great poet and a great sot. If ... gone to school and university he ... have written such popular poetry, ... and he would not have been less ... to liquor. This neat, and logical, ... affiliation of scholarship on in... greatly struck my mind, and it ... of special remark. But the bright... the lecture was the stroke of ... never to be forgotten, connected ... sufferings, poverty, and priva... stimulated Mr. Greeley—he pro... "...—lass!" which till the fol... came from the venerable lips ... fear that something verging ... was coming: "Alas, must ... suffer and die, or man be ... the pearl?" The tears started to ... I heard this most affecting and ... poetical image, and I could not ... with emotion for some ... Finally, Mr. Greeley wound up ... denunciation of civilization as a ... of epidemics unknown to civilized ... glowing prophecy of the good ... when co-operation and a sound ... blending handcraft with ... should fortify men's minds and ... their souls. But in the mean... "larger social economy" which ... requires must and will be taught ... the self-made man.

... I walked away from the hall and ... restore to its tone my mind, dulled ... with these platitudes and falla... could not but consider the position of ... with reference not alone to his ... the self-made man, but to his con... and practice of his duties as a prac... politician and guide at this critical ... nation and his State. And I was ... impressed with the illustration af... of the peculiar fault which all ... impartial students of mankind ... assigned to the moral position of ... whose early life has been without ... discipline of self-restraint which always ... scholastic training. The bit... epigram which declares that the ... made man worships his Maker ... it points to the gravest defi... of that position. The self-made man is ... sure to be so absorbed in his in... views and desires as to lose all ... proportion between those and the ... exigencies of the world. And the ... who has always been making him... been done so without acquiring ... and indispensable habit of seek... This is no time or place for a ... But the "chord of self," of which ... speaks, is the one that is most diffi... adjust to the moral harmonies of ... the fibre may so easily be ... too tight, or relaxed too ... melody or harmony. ... working when, to pursue the ... utterance of Tennyson, it "passes ... out of sight." But this inevitable ... of the self-made man into the ... man was almost, with painful ... forced upon my mind by the pres... attitude and doings of Mr. ... himself. It is hard to assign to ... his proper place at any partic... juncture; but, allowing the largest ... charity and forbearance, it cer... seems to any reasonable man a ... thing for a publicist of Mr. ... influence and position at this crisis ... from the city of New York, ... of life and death to the repub... engaged in an ... only the veriest fatality of ... could tempt, to smooth ... to the Presidential nomination. There are overwhelming reasons why Mr. Greeley should be in New York at this hour. He cannot be unaware of the grave doubt which rests on his career in the miserable politics of that State. He cannot forget that, by a long course of equivocal acts, by the strange countenance he has long given to the agents of the Tammany Ring, and by his persistent and virulent opposition to the action of the State Republican Committee in their attempt to reorganize that party in the city of New York, he is, so far as in him lies, thwarting the success of his own side, and exposing his State to the perpetuation of the foul and loathsome corruption which he denounces daily in his journal. To be absent at this hour of the agony of New York from his post, and thrusting wedges in to split up the following of General Grant, is to adopt a course of action whose only effect must be to damage Mr. Greeley's influence and position as a politician and a moral authority. It is to exhibit in a very high degree, indeed, the insensibility of the self-made man to outward duty and his preoccupation with his own evolution and interests, and as such it affords a much better illustration of the moral liabilities of that privileged position than any which fell from the lecturer's lips. I confess it is nothing short of amazing to me that any one who has the slightest fixed duty and possesses any large share of influence in the city of New York, should be absent from that scene of fiery trial for the republic at this terrible hour. The West will some day or other, I am satisfied, refuse to be a party to government which is liable to be controlled by a standing conspiracy against society, wielding the wealth and votes of the city and State of New York. Never shall I forget the exclamation of Mr. Evarts, at a great meeting held some six months since in New York, to protest against the ring dominion. "If New York State is carried by fraud," said this distinguished man, "the President's seat may be carried by fraud. And what will the Mississippi Valley say to that?" Mr. Greeley, as ex-dissent statesman and thinker, ought to bear in mind such things. And he who so vehemently asserts the solidarity of this nation should be alive to the truth that, if New York State breaks down in anarchy, the whole confederation is too deeply interested to be passive, and that the time may come when a public that flocks to hear his platitudes upon self-made men may turn round and say fierce and unpleasant things about a Nero-Punch, who fiddled on strings and rode on hobbies when Rome was all ablaze.

And then that "larger social economy," which the world can owe to the self-made man only. It is very difficult to be serious. The mind which sees in the sufferings of the oyster the type of the sufferings of the poet may be almost deemed exempt from deliberate criticism. But there is the great difficulty about Mr. Greeley's position that the public will not make up its mind about him, and oscillates so singularly between opposite views as to his functions and place in the present moral forces of the country. In some points of view he is regarded as the champion oddity of the republic. In some circles, again, he is regarded as the oracle on economic and political subjects.

He is the "Sage of Chappaqua." But it is impossible to tell when one reads that phrase whether it is used out of a sense of the immeasurable drollery of the fact that Chappaqua should have a sage, or that he should be Horace Greeley. Indeed, it seems to me sometimes that there never was a better illustration than this phrase of Talleyrand's dictum, that speech was given to conceal thought. I cannot myself help out the ambiguity, because it seems to arise from the enigmatic character of a man whose being hovers perpetually over the proverbially narrow limits which separate the sublime from the ridiculous. In respect of his incendiary protectionism he reminds me much of the Jack Cade of Shakspeare to whom I have already referred; that archetypal self-made man who declared that reading and writing come by nature; that archetypal protectionist who declared that henceforward a pint-pot should hold a quart of liquor. But in respect of his bonhomie and benevolence, and liability to be taken in by scoundrels and idiots, and, above all, his striking personal similarity to the effigies of that gentleman in Hablot Browne's famous illustrations, he reminds one of Mr. Pickwick. Indeed, just as Mirabeau called Lafayette a Grandison-Cromwell, I should be disposed to dub Mr. Greeley a Pickwick-Cade.

"Larger social economy!" Brave words, indeed, to fall from the man who, more than any other living American, is responsible for the cruel policy which makes these millions tributary servants to a handful of iron-masters, and does what in him lies to crush the productive energies and starve the consumers of this country, in obedience to an economical superstition, unworthy of a votary of freedom and of an economical thinker. What can be said of a statesman and journalist who insists upon people settling on the land, and is not capable of taking in the simple truth, the one obvious economical axiom agreed in by all writers, and plain to common sense, that free import of manufactures—free trade—is essentially the interest of agriculturists, as indeed it is, rightly viewed, of every member of a community? But I will not pursue this theme further. Mr. Greeley's whole course in New York politics and economic controversies demonstrates, with only too painful clearness, that he can neither weigh doctrines nor measure the responsibility of acts. And if the city and State of New York do back down in hideous confusion and anarchy, history will assuredly assign no small share of the responsibility to the man who has been the chief tool of the conspirators in keeping the party opposed to them divided; whether a voluntary or involuntary tool may be an interesting question for the psychologists. They may, perhaps, discuss it leisurely. But history has only abrupt condemnatory verdicts for those who remain at large to do ambiguous mischiefs till their end.

But the issue as to self-made men is, after all, more important for everybody, in the long run, than the interesting question concerning the politics of New York and the soul of Mr. Horace Greeley. And I will end by a few words on that subject. As I heard the nothings of this lecture the other night, I could not help contrasting the position of this sham and voluble leader of men with the illustrious and taciturn scholar-soldier, Moltke, the great linguist, silent in seven languages, as they say in Berlin, who has lately read to the world the greatest lecture it ever received upon the real difference between school-made men and self-made men. And I thought of the sublime, the almost divine significance of that word with which scholarship meets soldiership, and clasps hands to form an alliance that must conquer the world: DISCIPLINE. The army which conquered France had no self-made men, and probably represented a mass of human beings from whom all the small conceits and vulgarities of ignorance and intemperances of self-idolatry had been more effectually purged by the teaching of life and the schools than ever yet happened to the like number of the citizens of a nation. Germany, in fact, has pretty nearly abolished the self-made man, having come, some time since, to the conclusion that, though, under certain exceptional circumstances, he may do good and great things, he is, upon the whole, a nuisance that civilization requires to be abated. Seven States of this Union have followed this example. Great Britain must do so or perish from the face of the earth as an independent country. Long since the great Frederick of Prussia said, "I cannot afford to have any of my subjects ignorant." Democracy cannot endure unless it can rise to the level of the thought of this great-hearted King. To sing the praises of the self-made man at this conjuncture, when every serious mind all over the world is beginning to realize the tremendous truths that Democracy must be balanced by the discipline of the school, if it is to live at all, is to do an ill service to a community. No serious personage would commit so grave a social fault. We have entered upon a scientific era when life is complex, life legal, commercial, international, literary, artistic. The modern man lives in presence of the world at large, whereas his ancestors vegetated in a corner. The modern man lives under the weight of complex traditions as well as of complex modern circumstances perpetually arising in new shape. Woe to the people who do not make haste to acquire light under such pressure of need of knowledge! Woe to a people that suffer themselves to be misled by the teachings of vanity, dispensing itself under the glorification of the self-made man!

But, sir, I might spare these last denunciations. The good sense of the people of America and the tremendous events of the last decade, and those yet to come, will have told and will tell them the real truth. Matthew Arnold has written a book with the title, "Culture and Anarchy." He is wrong by a single shade of expression. He should have said, "Culture or Anarchy." For in this later day the States and the Churches are crashing around us. They can be built up again only by a people who have been restored to spiritual force by the severe training and discipline of the schools, and learned to avoid, as they would the pestilence, the worship and the praise of Self in every form.

A. H. L.

—A laughable incident took place in the parlor of the Union Hotel at Saratoga a day or two ago. Two countrymen were gaping around the room, when a lady approached wearing a fashionable trail. One of the party dodged it, but the other walked straight across it, and on finding out his error apologized with 'I beg your pardon, madam; I thought you had passed some time ago.'

TATTERSALL'S.

The Horse Market of England.

"The Corner," as Tattersall's is always designated in common parlance, is the sporting rendezvous of Great Britain. It takes its name from its locality, Hyde Park Corner. At the southeast angle of St. George's Hospital, approaching from that portion of Grosvenor Place which is overlooked by Apsley House, Constitution Hill, and the old Duke's equestrian statue by Wyatt, is an inconspicuous passage leading down a rather sharp descent. At the bottom, passing a "tap,"—we call it "saloon;"—designated on its side as "The Turf," is an open gateway leading into a garden-like enclosure, with a single tree in the centre rising from the middle of a grass plot, round which runs a circular gravelled path. On the left hand is the subscription room, containing merely desks where bets may be recorded or money paid. Passing through a covered gateway the court-yard is entered. A domed structure in the centre surmounts a pump. The bust on the top of the dome is that of George IV. Around three sides of this court-yard runs a covered way. Beyond are the alley which serves a remise for carriages, the counting-room, a small dwelling-house, stables, where horses to be sold are kept, and ranges of stabling constructed on most approved principles,—homes, in fact, for the Houghnhnms race corresponding to first-class hotels, for its masters. There is a quiet character about the whole establishment. The air of the place is that of an old banking-house. The clerks might exchange places with those of the Bank of England. Grooms and stable-boys are free from swagger. In a safe within one of the offices are books,—written, not printed, books,—which furnish the history of the thoroughbred horse for ninety years. On the wall hang new inventions of bridles, saddles, and bits. Outside, a few well-dressed grooms are standing about. Stillness reigns throughout the premises. Buyers have stepped in. A small knot of subscribers is gathered on the steps. In the path around the grass plot the head groom, with a light strapper, is breaking a horse selected from the stalls set apart for private sales. The quiet would be almost rural but for the faint and not ungrateful smell of stables. The grounds of Harvard have not an air of more entire isolation. Such is Tattersall's on any private day of the year.

Very different from this tranquility is the appearance of the place on public days. Mondays continue sales throughout the year. Thursdays are added in the height of the season. The former is the great day. On Friday horses come in from the country, on Saturday preliminary arrangements are completed, and on Monday the sales take place. There is generally a pretty numerous gathering on Saturday afternoon—a still larger on Sunday immediately before the hour of resorting to Hyde Park—and on Monday comes the throng and confusion of business. The crowd of carriages, cabs, horses, coachmen, grooms and "tigers" in the vicinity of the arched passage is immense. About noon the stream of dealers in horse-flesh rolls down the passage like a flood. There are clatters of pewter in the "tap" and confusion of voices on the pavement. The court-yard is crowded. Guardsmen, clerical fox-hunters, city men who belong to the Essex "meet," bagmen who travel in gigs, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and sporting men furnish these casual and often frequent visitors. Subscribers, Lords and gentlemen, though equally interested, stand somewhat aloof. Lot No. 1 is up. The horse runs his course between the auctioneer's box and the counting-house door. Biddings commence. "One hundred pounds; thank you, sir;" "one and ten," "and fifteen," "twenty," "twenty-five," after a delay, "twenty-five, one hundred and twenty-five pounds," falls upon the ear, until an old gentleman on the upper dais says quickly "thirty," and the auctioneer, repeating once again "one hundred and thirty pounds," drops his hammer, and the sale is complete.

But there are days in comparison with which even the sales-days are still-life pictures. Suppose a morning at 2 p. m. (it is technically morning till dinner, whether at 12 or 6 or 8 o'clock), when, the 2,000 guineas stakes having been won, the winner is up as a favorite for the Derby. It is the day for making "a book." The race occurs next week. Every sporting man understands it. In the penetrale of the subscription-room, to which only members are admitted, there is bustle and excitement. Gentlemen of the House of Commons, noblemen, county magistrates, millionaires of the city and the gentry of the landed interest—each person, with pencil and pocket-book in hand, are giving and taking bets. Rules are of course observed, but there are upraised voices, positive assertions, loud denials, and sometimes absolute contradictions. Outside in the court, the hubbub defies description. Everybody is eager, excited, earnest, and even savage; words are short and sharp. Men mean business; there is no trifling. You stand to what you say. A triple bob-major is rung on the name of every horse. "Hedging," "levanting," a hundred ponies to one," "two on the Blue Lass against the field," and a thousand similar exclamations, seem to the outlooker like unknown tongues. The list of horses entered is in every hand. Each bettor has his favorite. From a sovereign to ten thousand pounds chances may be had. Wagers offered, taken, declined, disputed, chaffered over, refused, arranged, and recorded, are the business of the hurried hour. Tattersall's has but one event more important and that is settling day. What passes then in the court, when outsiders receive and pay, and every man who would escape hustling squares his book, is apparent enough. But in the subscription-room, where an estate dated from the reign of Alfred has been staked on the losing horse,—or £10,000 on the favorite that came in second,—or a gentleman's whole fortune on a dead-beat, there are graver faces and fewer words. Doors are shut on the profanum vulgus. Men receive and pay here too. There is no contention. Laws of the Jockey Club are imperative. To enter the room hereafter all scores must be wiped out now. And scandal-mongers say that, on settling day, those philosophers of life,—Sheriff's officers,—are hovering in the neighborhood.

The frequenters at Tattersall's make up a motley group. Subscribers come first. They are presumed to be gentlemen. Then persons who have horses to sell; then buyers; then runners of horses, betters on horses, and breeders of horses. Some there are who merely keep a running horse, but rarely bet; some who never had horses, and some who can keep them no longer. Among these last are the moss-troopers of the turf—the inhabitants of the debatable land between the black-leg and the gentleman. Then come the lease-holders of stud farms for thoroughbreds, men who best know the pedigree and character of horses and the results of crossings and breedings; then the amateurs of horse-flesh, mild in manners and favorites, dressed in green surtouts with cords and top-boots; then jockeys and grooms, passionate in their love for horses and unrivalled in riding; and then the nondescripts—attorneys' clerks, bagmen, publicans, staid shopkeepers, mechanics, small officials, and even servants.

Of course Tattersall's has a character. It is respectable. The Prince of Wales stamped it the ton three-quarters of a century ago. Lord Derby was a subscriber for fifty years. From the day the "Corner" was opened, ninety years ago, there has been no eminent character of the sporting world that has not made it his lounge. Bishops go there to look for carriage-horses. Wilberforce was one of its supporters. Lord Wharncliffe, Stuart Wortley, Henry Hunt, and Sir Francis Burdett no more vouch for its reputation in the past than do Prime Ministers, Lord Chancellors, leaders of the Opposition, and the Berkeleys, Campbells, Seftons, Westminsters, and Osbaldistones of the aristocracy in the present. The mansions of the nobility, from Piccadilly to St. James, the chains of villas stretching out westward in every direction from Hyde Park corner, the squares surrounded by mansions of the gentry, and to country-seats all over England, furnish subscribers to the grand emporium sufficient to maintain its respectability. From its opening, ninety years ago, Tattersall's has maintained its rank. It is governed by a gentleman. The only change it has undergone is an extension of premises. Nobles of the continent, and men of means in the United States, breeders of stock in India, and proprietors of ranches in Mexico, confide in Edmund Tattersall's judgment and honesty to procure for them thoroughbreds, which shall be the pride of their stables.

Richard Tattersall, the founder of the family of the establishment, died in 1795, at the ripe age of 72. He had been training-groom to the Duke of Kingston, brother of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, husband to Mrs. Chudleigh, and doomed to an equivocal immortality in the letters of Horace Walpole. After the death of the Duke (1773) Tattersall does not appear to have entered into the service of any other employer. In 1779, Lord Bolingbroke sold Highflyer to Tattersall for £2,500, a large sum in those days. In the contract the purchaser is described as "Richard Tattersall, of the Parish of St. George-in-the-Fields, gentleman." This horse was the foundation of Tattersall's fortune. The old man died Feb. 20, 1795, "tranquil in mind, having acquired by industry and just dealing a considerable degree of affluence." Edmund I. succeeded, walking in his father's footsteps and maintaining the reputation of the house. In 1810 Edmund II., grandson of the founder, succeeded his father and formed the foreign trade in thoroughbred horses, which the establishment still carries on. A third and fourth Edmund have succeeded, so conducting affairs that the rank "The Corner" took at the beginning has been maintained. The "regulations," hanging over the fire-place in the counting-room and bearing the date of 1780, have never been changed. Everything about is in keeping with this Mede-and-Persian unchangeableness. It has the unpretending finish of English aristocracy. There is no frippery. All is neat, well-kept, and in condition. But there is nothing new. The place and its owners belong to an established institution.

The opening of Tattersall's in 1780 marks an era in London life. It was there that Philip Astley first exhibited feats of horsemanship, and taught Lord Thurlow's daughters to ride. In 1783 Samuel Johnson, whose admiration of Astley Boswell records, passed away. Gilray's earliest carricatures appeared the year before. Crabbe, whose love of the horse crops out in all his writings, was then becoming famous. It was a period when old men in literature, fashion, and amusements were leaving the stage for their successors, and when on the turf things as they had been were changing for things that are. Since then Tattersall's has given a tone to the sporting world higher than even the Jockey Club. The latter deals with overt acts,—the former has set gentlemen of the turf "to assume a virtue even when they have it not." The subscription-room has had much to do with this. Its frequenters are gentlemen. All questionables are excluded. There is recognition of the point of honor. Outsiders, the motley crowd in the court, frame their manners ad exemplar regis. There is, of course, in both one and the other, gambling. But what is to be done in a country like England where all classes have a passion for the horse. Where races are occurring every day during the season to revive the inborn tastes of the populace—where the pride in what English stirpiculture has produced out of the dwarfed farm horse is greater than the pride of race—and where "meets" and Derby-days, the Oaks and St. Legers, Goodwood and Doncaster are established national jubilees? Besides, is gambling any more a necessary part of racing than the Gold Board is of finance, or time-bargains in stocks are of commerce, or rouge-et-noir tables are of a club?

Among the habitues at Tattersall's none is better remembered than the Rev. James Arkwright, grandson and heir of Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the spinning jenny. "Parson James," as he was generally called, died some four or five years ago. I remember him as he was in 1851, a tall, eccentric man, dressed in an old black coat, with drab breeches and gaiters, lounging of an afternoon up and down Rotten Row on a thoroughbred horse. He was an enthusiastic lover of the animal, and the owner of many valuable horses, an amiable and inoffensive man, undemonstrative, reticent, in good standing in his parish, devoting more than a moiety of his large income to the poor, as prompt to bring personal attentions to the dying and consolations to mourners as the poorest curate in England, and doing punctually his daily parochial work from his induction at the age of 25 till past four-score, he was nevertheless an oracle in horse-flesh at "The Corner." You might as well undertake to eradicate mechanics from Ericsson, or radicalism from Wendell Phillips, as to dispossess such a man from his love of horses. It was born in him, was a part of his nature, and entered into every fibre of his being. Exceedingly penurious in small matters, in order to avoid the expense of stabling when he came to the daily service at Westminster Abbey, he was accustomed to ride his horse to a smithy to be shod; but as a set of shoes a day would more than supply his steed, he had only one shoe put on at a time, so that each horse got four turns. His last appearance in public was on Newmarket Heath, whither, at the age of 84, he was drawn in a bed-carriage, his head propped up with pillows, to see the produce of some favorite win the race.

The race-horse is the product of the Arabian with the native English breed, commenced by James I., improved by Charles II., who imported barbs and Turkish mares and crossed them with the Godolphin Arabian, to the blood of the latter of which may be traced the best racers of the world. William III. and Queen Anne were also patrons of horse racing. Long before the date of Tattersall's, more than 150 years ago, in fact, for he was bred in 1715, Flying Childers, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, was considered to have been the fleetest horse ever known; he carried nine stone at Newmarket and ran three and a half-miles in six minutes and forty seconds; he was never beaten; produced 261 winners, and realized over £200,000 in stakes. Eclipse, the fleetest from the time of Childers, was bred in 1764, by the Duke of Cumberland. Commencing at five years old, Eclipse won eleven plates, was never beaten, and became the sire of innumerable winners. The modern race-horse is considerably taller, and of earlier maturity than the original type—partly from judicious crossing, partly from training. There is loss of constitution, but gain of speed, no pure-bred Arab having any chance with a modern thoroughbred. The horses are entered at Tattersall's as yearlings—a race-horse's age dating from the 1st of January of the year in which he was foaled. Of these, not more than one in nine come to the post two years afterward. The forfeits from these "scratched" horses form a large portion of the prizes of the turf.

It was estimated the last New Year's day at Tattersall's that there were over 1,700 thoroughbred brood mares in the United Kingdom, and that they produced annually nearly 1,300 foals. The value of a thoroughbred yearling depends entirely upon the fashion of his blood; as many as 1,800 guineas ($9,400 in gold) have been given, and 600 and 800 guineas are not extravagant rates. The training of young racers at the "Corner" is nearly perfect; though of course it is done really in the country where downs are abundant. The charge is two guineas per week additional for the trainer. It is begun in the second year. The process is long. It requires rigid observance of rules. But it is wonderful how, by a system of walking and galloping, grooming and sweating, a colt can be brought from a loose condition to the greatest possible perfection. It has been found that, practically, the speed of almost all horses can be equalized by addition or subtraction of weight; and so nicely is this capable of being adjusted that the handicaps which are arranged on this principle, like Chester, Doncaster, Goodwood, Liverpool, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire, provide some of the best races in the year. For the great prizes of the turf, however—the 1,000 and 2,000 guineas for two-year-olds, the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger for three-year olds (representing 6,000, 4,000, and 8,000 guineas each), the horses run upon an equality of age and weight.

Of course, the best hunters, racers, and roadsters pass through Tattersall's. There is no horse-learning you may not have there. You will be told how a stallion of first blood out of a less pure mare will produce the most serviceable hunter; out of a cold-blooded mare the best roadster; and out of a strong-limbed mare the most docile saddle horse. The standard height of racers and hunters; the frame, shape, and legs of charger and carriage horse, cavalry and dray horse; the chest and knees, head and barrel, eyes and joints, hocks and fetlock, ears and nostrils of the various breeds; how horses are best trained, when the sexes should be separated, and all that slang of conversation which is like Arabic to the uninitiated, are discussed on all sides. There is no doubt that the prince of English horses is the hunter. Starting centuries ago from the pure Arab, bred with a fixed end in view, encouraged to the fullest stride, never checked suddenly, and through sweating, feeding, abstinence from water and training, freed from all superfluous fat, he is the most perfectly fitted for his purpose of any animal known to man. He is larger boned and more angular than his Arab sire, and unites bottom to immense roughness and vigor. Hence, and for the uses to which he is put, the short system of riding is indispensable, and rising in the seat to the trot. It is unquestionable that thereby both man and horse are eased; and, though the motion is commonly ungraceful, accomplished riders time the rise so well as to render it almost imperceptible. This equitation, alike of the jockey, fox-hunter, and groom, is undoubtedly the best by which to sit a vicious horse, to ride him fast and far, and to lift him over obstacles. In the same degree is the short stirrup preferable for both man and horse. It gives firmness to the seat, and leads the horseman to depend for safety upon the cling of the thighs rather than the balance of the body. Another marked advantage is that the heel touching the flank enables the rider to use the spur with rapidity and without motion of the leg. This mode has been adopted by nearly all equestrian nations,—Arabs, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Magyars, Cossacks, English fox-hunters, Circassians, and Egyptians. With the Mamelukes the short stirrup is pushed to the extreme, the leg being doubled in the form of a V placed horizontally, whereby the muscles of the leg and thigh are thrown into the greatest possible prominence, and develop their utmost adhesive power. It has been tested that, seated in this manner, a weak man can easily pull from the saddle a strong one riding with the leg extended.

But this article is not a disquisition on horsemanship. It is simply a stroll through the greatest horse mart in the world. Its founder has been spoken of as a training groom. To anyone who has ever read that most charming of old books, Holcroft's autobiography, written some hundred years or so ago, the standing of a training groom need not be explained. The position is responsible, and no one but a man of integrity—it matters not what his knowledge of horse-flesh may be—can long retain it. The horses entrusted to his care are liable to a thousand accidents. Their value depends upon good health. Large sums of money are to be determined by their training. Treason and bribery are always at hand to cheat or corrupt the manager of a racing stable. There must be not only a constant sense of responsibility, but an ever-vigilant eye toward danger. The training groom's integrity must not only be above doubt, but, like Cæsar's wife, it must be above suspicion. Love for the horse,—a passion neither nought; sound and deep feeling; real sagacity; self-control; equipoise of disposition, and force of character, are required of the man to whom the most hazardous of property, liable above all other to casualties, and a greater source of pride to its owner than estates, or public reputation, or Parliamentary renown is to be confided. Such men are found even in an employment which is popularly supposed to be environed with corruption. Such a man was John Watson, training groom for the Duke of Queensbury in 1750, whose virtues not stud books only but biographical dictionaries record, and such a man seems to have been the founder of Tattersall's.

N. S. DODGE.

—A volume of ghastly stories and speculations, by Mr. R. Dale Owen, entitled "The Debatable Land Between the Two Worlds," will be published immediately.

—Mr. R. Somers, an Englishman, who made a six months' tour in the southern portion of the United States last winter and spring, will soon publish a volume containing the results of his travels, under the title of "The Southern States Since the War."

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

What a glorious thing it is to have a holiday! a little allotment of time all your own, upon which you need pay duty to no man living, and within the compass of which, if you be a scholar, no one can plague you about the date of the Hegira, or "exact political significance" of the Licinian Rogations, nor any shock fall upon you, if you be a man of business, from alarming telegrams respecting the fall of Utopian Consols, or the "unhealthy depression" of the Cloudland-Atlantic Grand Central Railway. Surely there is no one living who does not appreciate such a furlough, from the fourth-form boy who over-eats himself at Warwick or Kenilworth on the half-yearly holiday, damped only by the horrid recollection that work begins again next day, up to the wearied merchant-prince who follows out his doctor's prescription of "complete change of scene," by making Rome or Switzerland as like London as possible for two months every year.

Somewhat after this fashion (had I felt inclined) I might have soliloquised, as I sat looking down upon the good town of Heidelberg from the terrace of the "Molken-Kur,"—a little wooden auberge, perched upon a projecting bluff, in which a few sed-dissed invalids play at curing themselves by eating the greatest possible amount of curds and whey. And, certainly, the scene before me deserved more than a passing glance. Above rose the green, sloping crest of the Konigstuhl, with all its waving woods, upon which the fading sunshine lingered lovingly; all around lay the leafy hillsides, between which, like a thread of gold, glittered the winding stream of the Neckar; immediately below me lay the narrow streets and tall grim houses of the quaint little town, above which the vast red towers of the castle stood out in the glow of sunset like pillars of fire; and far out in the plain beyond, breaking with its shining curves the monotony of the vast green level, I could just descry the broad, smooth flow of the parent Rhine.

But at this moment my reflections are broken in a sufficiently unromantic way by concussion of a huge steeple-crowned hat, which, driven by the wind, ricochets off my shoulder, and is just rolling over the brow of the hill, when I spring forward and clutch it. Turning to look for the owner, I find myself face to face with a quiet, pleasant-looking old gentleman in frilled shirt and black-silk stockings, the very image of the Glass Dwarf in Wilhelm Hauff's "Kalter Herz;" evidently a man of some note by the respect with which the habitues make way for him.

"Many thanks, mein Herr," says the old man, as I restored his errand head-gear. "I'm not quite so supple now as I was when I took the prize at the Freyberg Volksfest,* forty-three years ago, before I even thought of becoming a Professor. It's only you English who can keep up your training for ever."

"How did you guess that I was an Englishman?" asked I, somewhat surprised; for, indeed, with a beard like a Pasha's and a face bronzed by the sun of Egypt and Syria, my appearance is anything but Anglo-Saxon.

"No one but an Englishman would have caught that hat as you did," answered the Professor, with a little chuckling laugh; "it's just in their nature to jump up and run after anything that passes. Ah, if you English would only employ your irrepressible energies in the cause of science, what might you not achieve! But no; you do not care to learn."

"Do us the justice to believe, Herr Professor, that the nation which produced Bacon and Newton has still some reverence for science."

"They were mighty men," replies the old gentleman, with a reverential bend of his gray head; "but I am speaking of the nation at large, not of a few exceptional celebrities. Ach Himmel! what a set they are, those English! A fine life they led me when I first began to practice medicine down yonder in Saxony. The first thing in the morning kling! kling! at my door. 'What is it?' 'An Englishman who has broken his leg in trying to climb the Teufelshorn, which no one ever ascended yet.' I set the Herr Englander's leg, and leave him pretty comfortable. Not half an hour later kling! kling! again. 'What now?' 'An Englishman who has been half-drowned in swimming across the Elbe against the current for a wager.' I roll the Herr Englander in warm blankets and bring him round. Before I have well settled in my chair again, kling! kling! once more. 'Mein Gott! what's the matter?' 'An Englishman who has tried to run twelve miles within the hour, because some one said he couldn't, and has broken down under the strain.' Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it, but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason. There is but one man in England whom I can truly reverence, and his name is Herr Carlyle!"

"Mr. Carlyle, why, he's an old friend of mine! I saw him the last time I was in England. I'm glad you admire him."

"Did you, Mein Herr? did you really?" says the old man, with unmistakable interest. "Tell me all about him, I beseech you; he is a great man—worthy to have been born a German!"

And for nearly twenty minutes we sit in judgment upon the biographer of Frederick the Great, till the strokes of seven, booming from the town below, warn the Professor that it is time to be going home.

"You must come with me, mein Herr," says he, rising from his seat; "no excuses, I beg of you. It shall never be said that Justus Weissenbart met with a friend of the Herr Carlyle without making him welcome; and, besides, I've got something to show you which I think will interest you."

The old man's hearty manner was not to be resisted; and a quarter of an hour later I stood before the door of a tall, grim-looking stone house at the corner of the Market-Platz, the curiously-carved front of which showed that it had seen more than one century. But if its outside was stern and unpromising, its inside was comfortable in the highest degree; and so I thought when I found myself seated over a substantial German supper in the Professor's little snuggery, and heard the old man's cheery voice bidding me "fall to and spare nothing."

While eating, I found time to glance round the room, which (save for its antique furniture and heavy cross-beams of dark oak) differed but little from the countless other laboratories that I had seen in various towns of Southern Germany; but one object arrested my attention—a human skeleton planted upright in a corner, presenting a pistol menacingly with its fleshless hand. The Professor noticed the direction of my eyes, and smiled significantly.

"That's the curiosity I was speaking of," said he; "it has a history of its own, which is worth hearing. When we have finished supper I'll tell it you."

And, accordingly, as soon as our meal was ended, Herr Weissenbart settled himself comfortably in his great easy-chair, lighted an enormous German pipe, which the most seasoned "fox" in the University would have found it hard to smoke out, and began as follows:

"At the time that I bought this house, mein Herr, I had just entered upon the happiest period of my whole life. I had at length attained the modest competence for which I had long labored in vain, and could say to myself, when I sat down in my easy chair in the evening and lit my pipe: 'Now, Justus Weissenbart, thou hast done all that the earthly and corporal part of thee demands for its sustenance; henceforth thou art free to serve the cause of science, and, it it may be, even to add a little grain of knowledge to the sum of human learning.' I went to work with all earnestness. I filled my house with rare plants, rare fossils, rare minerals. I paid high for curiosities of every kind. Once I paid a handful of thalers for the carcass of a donkey, which exhibited a singular malformation of the spinal column. It dissection led me to one of the most interesting discoveries which I have ever made. Ah, mein Herr! you, who are a man of amusement and adventure, cannot fathom the delight I felt in cutting up that glorious donkey! But once before in my whole life did I experience the same pleasure, and that was when I was called in, a little while after I first came here, to treat a patient whose case exhibited some very unusual and perplexing symptoms. I examined him; I reflected; the truth flashed upon me. I flung my hat on the ground, and, embracing the sick man with rapture, cried out: 'I congratulate you, my friend! You have received a disease which has been unknown for the last six centuries!'"

The idea of such consolation administered to an invalid was too much for my gravity. In spite of all my efforts to compose myself, I laughed till I was fairly exhausted; and Herr Weissenbart very good-humoredly joined in the merriment, though evidently without the least suspicion of having given any cause for it.

"Well, mein lieber Herr," he continued, "you will doubtless have remarked it as a singular law of nature that whenever a man lives all by himself, in a particularly old and shabby-looking house, he invariably acquires the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps my paying so high for fossils and skeletons gave some color to the myth in my case; but at any rate I was soon known in Heidelberg as the 'rich Professor Weissenbart,' and my friends began to warn me that if I did not take care I might some day chance to get robbed.

"Now at that time I had but one servant, who had been with me many years, and was beginning to get old and feeble. Every one said that he was not enough to take care of the house himself, and that I'd better have a younger man to help him; but I didn't like to vex poor old Johann by seeming to think him past work, so I just let things go on as they were. He was a capital servant, and did his work well as man could do; but he had one failing. Every now and then, when the chance offered, he would"—a significant gesture of the Professor's hand, as if lifting a glass to his lips, completed the sentence.

"H'm! rather a bad fault in a man upon whom the safety of the house depended," observed I.

"So I thought," answered the Professor; "and more than once I doubted whether it might not be as well to take my friends' advice after all, and engage a second servant. But I kept putting it off, and putting it off, till at last I got punished for my hesitation, as you shall hear.

"One night I had sent John out to do some marketing, and was expecting him back every minute. As a rule, whenever he went abroad he took the house-key (of which I had a duplicate) along with him; so that nobody could get in till he came back, unless I chose to let them. He was very punctual on the whole; but this time, ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and there was no sign of him. I began to fear that he might have taken a glass too much, as he sometimes did, and was just thinking of going to look after him, when, all at once, I heard, far down below, a noise as if the house-door had been suddenly opened and shut again, and then a step coming up the stairs right toward my door. I have a quick ear of my own, and it struck me directly that the tread was firmer and heavier than old Johann's. I guessed at once that there had been foul play somewhere, and for a moment I thought of locking my door and calling for help through the window; but, on second thoughts, I decided that it would be better to let the intruder (whoever he might be) come right up to me, and to see what he really wanted."

I looked at the Professor with involuntary admiration. To hear this little, delicate, benevolent-looking old gentleman talking so coolly of deliberately allowing a robber (perhaps more than one) to march right into his room at night, without stirring a step to give the alarm, simply because he "thought it better to see what he wanted"—had a really heroic flavor about it; and I bent eagerly forward to hear the sequel of the adventure.

"The door opened," pursued my friend, "and in came a tall, burly fellow, with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. The moment he was in, he locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket, and came forward to the table where I was sitting.

"'Now, my old 'un,' said he, with a chuckle, 'we've got the house all to ourselves. Your servant is lying fast asleep under the club-room table at the Thirsty Fox. Drugged beer 's a fine thing to make a man sleep sound, and he won't wake much before to-morrow morning. In the meantime, out with your money, or you're a dead man.'

"He cocked the pistol as he spoke, and levelled it at my forehead.

"You will think, mein Herr, that I must have been frightened; but, strange as it may seem, I was not. Had I met this man in the street, or out in the open country, he would have been on his own ground, but here, within the walls of my laboratory, he was on mine. He came to me in the guise of a new experiment, and I felt him in my power. Before he had done speaking, I had tried him in my own mind, condemned him, and sentenced him to death."

Soft and pleasant as the old man's voice was, there was a hard metallic ring in it just then, and an ominous compression of the small delicate mouth, which showed me, for the first time, what this quiet good-humored scholar might be capable of doing. In truth, the cruelty of passion or revenge is as nothing to that of science. Parryhasius crucifying his slave in order to gain a more vivid idea of the sufferings which he painted, Michael Angelo studying with cool, analytical keenness the loathsome minutiae of the plague hospital—Dr. Le Catt keeping horses and dogs alive for weeks under his scalpel, only to inflict upon them more varied and complicated tortures—such examples are terribly suggestive; and I could not help thinking that, had I been a robber, I should have been very loth to entrust myself to the tender mercies of my friend the Professor, supposing his power of destruction to be commensurate with his will. After a pause, he resumed—

"'Well, I can't resist you,' said I to the robber, assuming a look of terror such as I had not worn since I went up for my first examination as a candidate at Jena. 'I'll give you all I have, and when you have taken it, I hope you'll be satisfied and do me no further injury.'

"'Oh, I'll be satisfied when I touch the money, never fear, old boy,' answered he with a laugh. 'Come, out with it, quick!'

"'It's in that bureau yonder,' replied I, throwing a key on the table; 'help yourself.'

"I need not tell you, mein Herr, that in the whole bureau there was not a single pfennig; but he went toward it to unlock it, which was all I wanted."

"Ah, you wanted to get a chance of sticking him from behind, I suppose?" said I, secretly marvelling at the strategic ability of this pacific man of letters.

"Mein lieber Herr," returned the Professor, with an air of grand contempt, suggestive of Socrates "setting down" Protagoras, "science does not fight with such coarse material means as those. I have told you that I regarded this man in the light of an experiment, and I acted accordingly. If you wish to know what was my real object in sending him to the bureau, step forward and press your heel upon that little knot in the floor."

I obeyed, and was not a little startled when a good square yard of the flooring immediately in front of the bureau gave way with a loud, whirring noise, disclosing a black chasm of unknown depth, from which arose the hoarse gurgle of running water.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" faltered I, glancing from the ghastly abyss below to the benevolent face of the savant, which looked milder and more benevolent than ever.

"Precisely so," answered the Professor, with a genial smile, and rubbing his little fat hands gleefully. "That's the Neckar which you hear grumbling down yonder; but there was a good yard of dry pavement beside it for him to fall upon, and it sufficed. Unhappily, the fall necessarily occasioned certain injuries to his anatomical structure, which, however, my humble knowledge of surgery has, as you see, enabled me to repair." (And he pointed to the pistol-bearing skeleton with a complacent air.) "Why do you look so shocked, my friend? It was a fair trial of skill against strength. He, the man of brute force, attempted to entrap me, the man of science—and he was caught in his own trap. Fill your glass, and let us drink to the great scientific movement which has made Europe the first quarter of the world, and Germany the first country in Europe!"

I filled my glass, though I did not drink; but made some excuse, and gladly left the house.

* Literally "people's festival;" answering to athletic sports.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air;
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

—October Atlantic.

An Incident in the Life of Liebig.

Professor Charles A. Joy writes: It was my good fortune, a few summers ago, to spend a week with Baron Liebig, at a quiet inn on the banks of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, and to be his constant companion in his rambles through the vineyards and lovely walks of that enchanting spot; and one day, the conversation turning upon some of the incidents of his early life, I asked him to relate to me how he happened to devote his attention to chemistry, and to what circumstances he owed the kind interest bestowed upon him by Gay-Lussac.

The genial old man sat down upon a bench in a protected nook, and related to me the following incidents: He was the son of very poor parents, who could ill afford to keep him at school, and he had a narrow escape of being put at a trade; but while yet a lad, having heard that the Minister of Instruction, in Darmstadt, had it in his power to aid meritorious children by a government stipend, he went to the palace, and, after several failures, finally succeeded in obtaining an interview with this grand personage, and in securing sufficient assistance to enable him to go to the gymnasium.

The director of the gymnasium was in the habit of visiting the school on stated occasions, and of asking each boy what he purposed to make of himself, and of receiving the usual answer: "A musician," "a doctor," "a lawyer," &c.; and when he came to Liebig, the reply was always ready, "I mean to be a chemist, sir;" to which the doctor uniformly answered, "you stupid boy, there is no such profession as chemist." But Liebig persevered, and, while at the university, was so fortunate as to make a very important discovery of some new cyanogen compounds, and with specimens of the preparations in his pockets, aided by some friends, he set out for Paris. He was then about 20 years of age.

In Paris he sought out one of the members of the institute, and showed him his specimens, and the Professor offered to exhibit them to the Institute, and to present the subject for discussion; but it was a long time before he fulfilled his promise, and poor Liebig went regularly to the Monday meetings of the Academy, hoping to hear his name mentioned, but always went away disappointed. One day, however, the subject was duly presented, and attracted great attention; and after the adjournment several members remained to talk to the boy, for he was still a boy, and to inquire into his history; among them was a kind man in the prime of life, who asked him to dine with him on the following Thursday to meet some of the chemists of Paris.

The man who thus proposed to befriend the unknown chemist must have given his name and address, but Liebig was so embarrassed and flustered by the occasion that he forgot it entirely, and, although he asked the janitor and several persons who were left in the room, he could obtain no clue, and so Thursday went and came, leaving Liebig in a state of desperation. A few days afterward, meeting casually the member of the Institute who had presented his paper, the latter exclaimed at once: "Why did you not come to the dinner that Baron Von Humboldt gave for you on Thursday? He invited Arago, Gay-Lussac, Thenard, and several of the first chemists of the city, in order to introduce them to you, and you did not come." Liebig did not wait to hear more, but rushed off to the residence of Von Humboldt, to apologise and to explain the occasion of his absence.

Von Humboldt took the matter good-naturedly, and at once accompanied his young protege to Gay-Lussac, who, to oblige his friend, took him as a pupil into his laboratory, and from this moment Liebig's career was secured.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY.

Between the islands of the Northern and of the Southern Pacific Ocean, in corresponding latitudes, a surprising similarity of climate, flora, fauna, inhabitants, languages, and customs exists. After sailing southward many weeks in a great circle crossing the equator, one may, on stepping ashore in a Southern Pacific group, take up the thread of aboriginal speech with the natives in almost the same dialect as that of the islands which one has left almost three thousand miles behind. From the Ladrones to Easter Island, a distance of nine thousand miles, and from Hawaii to New Zealand, an arc measured at right angles to the foregoing one, and more than half as long, the language and the race of the islanders are substantially the same in all the countless Pacific groups. After the first classification of these islands, into coral and volcanic formations, they may be said to differ hardly otherwise than as the climate varies in different parts of this vast area, which equals in extent that of all the continents of the globe.

Pitcairn's Island, upon which the mutineers of the Bounty landed in 1789, lies but a little farther south of the line than the Hawaiian Islands lie to the north of it; and, therefore, as we have intimated, repeats, but on a smaller scale, most of the physical features of that group. The climate has the same delicious and uniform temperature—the extremes in either case being 60 degrees and 85 degrees Fahrenheit. The list of indigenous plants is almost the same for either country. Hawaii and Pitcairn's Island had in common, when discovered, the cocoanut, the banana, the yam, the sweet potato, the arum esculentum or taro, the cloth mulberry, the candle-nut tree, the ti plant (dracaena terminalis), the noni (morinda citrifolia), the Chinese mulberry, and the pandanus odoratissimus. In compensation for its want of the Hawaiian bread-fruit, Pitcairn's Island had the banyan, which Hawaii lacked. To both countries the watermelon, the potato, lemons, oranges, tobacco, sugar-cane, turmeric, and the ordinary garden vegetables of the temperate zone have been introduced by foreigners. In both countries a profusion of fruit and vegetables supplies an abundant diet at very small expense of labor. The domestic animals were few in number at Pitcairn's Island; goats, pigs, and poultry, which the colonists brought with them from Tahiti, were abundant; but the stalwart islanders, on the arrival of Sir Thomas Staines, in 1814, were alarmed at the sight of a cow; while they very intelligently admired a little black terrier, to them an entirely novel sight. "I know that it is a dog," said Edward Young, naively; "I have read of such things."

The experiment of this plantation in the Pacific derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the soil and climate of the island—the entire physical environment of the human germ there planted—was nearly the same as that of other islands, while yet that germ remained long undisturbed, and multiplied with hardly any interference of other blood. For twenty years its very existence was unknown to the world. For sixty years the strain remained almost absolutely the same as at the first landing upon Pitcairn's Island. It was as if a scientific man had planned and directed this novel experiment in stirpiculture. As a preliminary to pointing out certain little-noticed features of this experiment, it may be necessary to remind the reader of certain points in its history.

The mutiny of the Bounty occurred in April, 1789, after its crew had indulged in half a year's intercourse with the kindly Tahitians. The fugitive company, twenty-seven in number—nine white men, six Polynesian men, and twelve Polynesian women—reached Pitcairn's Island, an uninhabited rock in the South Pacific, late in the same year. Here they lived peaceably until 1791, when mortal quarrels for the possession of the women commenced. There were massacres for two years, when (October, 1793, according to the statement quoted by Sir John Barrow) all of the men were killed except four whites; ten of the women surviving. The women preferred the whites, and took part with them in destroying their own countrymen. From 1793 until the close of the century, when John Adams was left the sole surviving mutineer upon the island, they lived promiscuously with the men, "frequently changing their abode from one house to another" (Barrow). McKoy died in 1798; in 1799, Quintal perished by the hands of Adams and Young; in 1800, Young died, and left John Adams, then 36 years of age, the last man upon Pitcairn's Island.

This year marked a new era in the history of the island. Adams then, according to the later testimony of the islanders, reformed his character and his conduct. The conversion was, as far as we can learn, not less genuine than sudden. He made himself the guardian and teacher of this community of women and children; he introduced the rites of the Church of England among his flock; and when the lads attained the age of 20, and the girls 18, he solemnized marriages between them. The social transformation was complete. There was never a more innocent, orderly, and virtuous community than this one speedily became. Almost in an instant the turbid solution changed into the clear crystallization of a bandless social life.

Pitcairn's Island held its secret until the grandchildren of the first colonists began to appear. Then, in 1808, Captain Folger, of Nantucket, discovered its strange history. In 1814, Staines and Pipon, of the Royal Navy, visited it, and described its innocence and its rapid growth. Beechey found Pitcairn's Island an uncontaminated paradise in 1825. No foreigner, indeed, was admitted to its settlement until the years between 1823 and 1828, when three Englishmen of good character were permitted to make their home there. After about a year's residence they married, and their descendants mingled with the island race. In March, 1830, Captain Waldegrave found the colony numbering seventy-nine souls. Its blood, however, was still the same as at the outset; and they presented for study the strangest phenomena, the most curious material for physiological research and speculation.

The more noticeable points of this case, as we are able to educe them by comparison of the separate accounts, written by no scientific hands, we may now state as follows:

1. The members of the Pitcairn's Island community were related more closely to each other than those of any other community, of equal age and number, of which we have any authentic account. All were descended from a few pairs; the children of Adam and Eve could hardly have bred "in and in" more closely. It is much to be regretted that we have not the genealogical record of each individual in this community. But we have sufficient evidence (2) of the stability of the cross between the English and the Polynesian race. Could we attain all the facts of the case (an undertaking which we commend to Mr. Darwin—Rev. E. H. Nobbs, of Norfolk Island, could furnish records of parentage and of birth), we are confident that they would throw much light upon the still-vexed questions relating to hybridity. Certain it is that the union of the two has produced a cross that is both remarkably healthy and fertile in itself. We have found no evidence that would explain this fertility, as happens in a large class of hybrids, by the fact of union with the parent stocks.

2. The dominance of the Saxon nature over the savage was illustrated in Pitcairn's Island in some novel ways. That the Englishmen, who induced the islanders to accompany them into their exile as friends, should have converted them soon into slaves, and finally succeeded in destroying them all, is what we might have expected from our knowledge of the comparative prepotency of the races. Nor is it surprising that the Tahitian women, in the strife of which they were the cause, should have sided with the stronger and more desirable whites. But that nine Englishmen, sexually balanced against eighteen Polynesian men and women, should have impressed their own language and religion upon the descendants of this unequal ancestry, and so much of what was best in their own intellectual and physical character, that visitors to the island found the grandchildren of the colony, in spite of their savage dress and surroundings, much more English than Tahitian in character, is a result for which we elsewhere look in vain among the records of human descent.

4. The elimination, in their seclusion from the competitive struggles of the world, of what we may call the defensive forces of character, was strikingly shown in a later period of the Pitcairn's Islanders' history. In 1832, an adventurer, named Joshua Hill, landed upon the island, pretending to come from England as its appointed ruler. He had neither credentials nor commission; yet he was able to establish a most cruel and oppressive rule over this hitherto happy community. He expelled the three Englishmen who had lately come there—among them Mr. Nobbs, who since the death of John Adams, the reformed mutineer, in 1829, had been the valued pastor and teacher of the little community. It was one man against a hundred; and by force of cunning the single rascal won an easy supremacy. We know that he flogged and beat the white inhabitants at his will; how much further his brutalities went we are not informed; but it was six years before the British Government, in 1838, interposed and removed this wretched old man, the island incubus. His career might well serve for the text of a discourse upon the helplessness of innocence.

The whites now returned to Pitcairn's Island, and years of uninterrupted prosperity and growth followed. But the community found itself at last too large for the little island, but four square miles in extent, that formed its home. In 1856, after much debate, the people emigrated en masse to Norfolk Island, three thousand miles to the west of Pitcairn's; and there they still remain, excepting two families, who, driven by an insufferable home-sickness, have returned to repeople Pitcairn's Island.

Enough has now been said to indicate the unique nature of this self-determined experiment in human descent. A novel character has appeared as the result. The Norfolk Islanders of to-day are still nearly the same people as when they left Pitcairn's Island. They have increased in number to three hundred; but there have been few marriages among them save with members of their own community. They possess the physical characters of their English and Tahitian ancestry in almost equal part; they have the same light-olive complexion, the slightly flattened nose and full lips, and the elastic and vigorous physique which we have observed among the half-breeds of the Northern Pacific Islands. On the other hand, they have a more than monastic ignorance of the world, and a considerably more than English delicacy of conscience. Sir John Barrow relates that one of the girls having incautiously refused a lover, and relented, languished for years before she could consent to break her vow not to marry him. This weighty case was submitted to a sort of naval court of love, composed of Captain Beechey's officers, who encouraged the girl in vain to act according to her inclination in the matter. Another mental characteristic of this community was lack of humor among its members. The Pitcairn's Islanders were unable to jest or to perceive the point of a joke, and considered that they had been trifled with on discovering that strangers had used words to them in any other than their literal meanings. The same deficient sensibility may be observed in other small and carefully trained communities in the same part of the world, as among the children of the missionaries in many of the Pacific stations. But if the Pitcairners did not understand wit, they always avoided scandal-mongering.

Captain Bligh's book is an attempt to exonerate himself from the charge, well proved by all other accounts of the mutiny, of brutality toward his crew. We should say unexampled brutality but for the constant reports in the daily papers, which show too clearly that the cruel treatment of sailors, at least in the merchant service, is still as frequent and shameful as in the time of Bligh. The landsman knows little of the amount and character of this cruelty. Sir John Barrow's book is the most valuable for the student of the history of Pitcairn's Island. He gives some important facts which Lady Belcher, with a squeamishness that is rather American than English, has omitted; as where she neglects to tell us that twelve Tahitian women were of the party that landed upon Pitcairn's Island. In her book we notice, too, an occasional inaccuracy in the statement of dates, as those assigned to the landing of the second colonists; and there is a slip in her criticism of a Polynesian prefix wrongly used in the name "Otaheite." The prefix O does not have in the Polynesian languages, as Lady Belcher says it has, the force of the genitive; it has a peculiar significance which we do not here expound, and is known as the "demonstrative particle." But we cannot expect Lady Belcher to be familiar with the niceties of the grammar of Tahiti. Her work, as a whole, is the most important upon this subject, as it is the only one that brings the history of the colony down to a recent date; and we can commend it as very interesting reading.—The Nation.

LITERATURE.

Richard H. Stoddard has been engaged to edit the Aldine.

—The Hartford Times speaks of Walt Whitman's "stump-swamp and corduroy-road verses."

—David A. Wasson has completed a work on Democracy, the labor of years.

—Swinburne has gone to Scotland to recruit his health and get ready for a new volume of poems.

—Dr. W. H. Russell, editor of the Army and Navy Journal and correspondent of the London Times, is about to publish his "Private Diary of the Franco-Prussian War," as viewed from the Crown Prince's army.

—The sixth volume of the "Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX Siecle," published in Paris, under the direction of M. Pierre Larousse, has reached the letter D. The seventh volume, with the letter E, is to appear in January next.

—Bjornson, the Norwegian novelist, is now pastor of a village church near Trondhjem, and is in receipt, from the sale of his works, of $6,000 a year, which is considered a princely income in that remote corner of Scandinavia. At the beginning of his literary career no publisher would take his books, and he was forced to print them at his own expense.

—Mr. James Appleton Morgan has a volume in the Riverside Press, to be issued in October, entitled "Specimens of Macaronic Verse." It is the first complete collection of the kind in the English language, and is said to be very curious.

—The new "Dictionary of Biographical Reference," by Laurence B. Phillips, just out in London, is complained of by the Athenæum for commemorating too many American names. It contains brief biographical sketches of 100,000 persons.

—Switzerland now has twenty-five public libraries, with 920,520 volumes. Her largest collection is the Zurich library, possessing 100,000 volumes.

—An extensive work on the History of Mary Stuart, of Scotland, by Prof. Petit, of Beauvais, is nearly ready for publication. The work is intended by the author to prove a complete justification of the Queen from the charges brought against her. It will be in two large quarto volumes, an English translation of which will be published before the original in French. M. Charles de Flandre, of Edinburg, is the translator.

—Paul de Kock, it is said by his intimate friends, died of grief because of the destruction of his beautiful home at Romainville. This house was a marvel of beauty. It contained a private theatre, and was filled with some of the finest works of art. It is De Kock's distinction that among all the literary men of his country he received no decoration from any of the many governments he saw come and go.

—An English quarterly is about to be published in Berlin, to be called the German Quarterly Magazine. It is proposed to translate those lectures by Virchow, Haeckel, Gneist and other celebrities of Berlin, which have appeared and are in the course of publication in a series edited by Virchow and Holtzendorff, on science, history, and art, which may be interesting to English readers. One-half of them are on scientific subjects, treated in a popular style; the other half relate to history and art, and each quarterly part will contain essays only of a similar character.

—M. Edward Tross, of Paris, has just published the first part of a very interesting collection of Huguenot Songs of the Sixteenth Century, edited by M. Henri Bordier. These songs are chosen from the publications between 1525 and 1597, and prove the existence of a really fine and vigorous school of Protestant religious poetry in France. The first part, now published, contains (1) Religious, (2) Polemical and Satirical Songs. The second part will comprise the songs on war and martyrdom. Some of the satirical songs against the Mass and the Monks are clever, and many of the religious ones very touching in their simple faith and piety.

—A revision of the entire Buddhist Scriptures has been going on in Ceylon for four years past. When completed this will bring within the reach of scholars as perfect a text of the sacred books in the original Pali as it is possible to obtain at this day. The work is in charge of a Synod (quere—Syndicate?) of Buddhist clergy, selected for their learning and scholarship from the principal Ceylon monasteries.

—The great work of the Count de Montalembert, entitled "The Monks of the West," the most splendid monument to monachism which ever proceeded from the pen of a layman, will be issued by Patrick Donahoe, in Boston, on the first of October. The object of the author in writing this work, as he informs us, was to "plead in favor of the religious orders by an exposition of the facts; to restore the halo of glory to those old forgotten saints, who were the heroes of our histories; the divine ancestors of all Christian peoples; the patriarchs of all faithful races; the immortal models of the life of the soul; the witnesses and martyrs of the truth." "I flatter myself," writes the Count, in allusion to this work, "that the reader patient enough to follow me to the end will rise from this study with his soul calmed by the sweet influence of the purest virtues, and inflamed by the love of all that strengthens and exalts human nature, and with aversion for all that stifles and abuses it." The book will appear in magnificent style, second to no publication in this country by either Catholic or Protestant houses.

—The London Globe says: "A gentleman who contributes a column of discursive and miscellaneous criticism to a weekly contemporary, and who condescends to instruct the world in the sublimest mysteries of science and literature, ancient and modern, has lately fallen foul of the poet Longfellow apropos of the alleged incorrectness of his Latinity. Transatlantic writers, he tells us, cannot in the nature of things be classical scholars; that is a luxury of erudition reserved exclusively for Englishmen. To appreciate the full force of the delicate difference between Greek particles and Latin words it is essential that one should be totally unconnected with the New World and its inhabitants. And then we are favored with a beautifully impossible picture, illustrating the distinction between the American countryman and the English. If the utterances of this wonderful exponent of British life are to be credited, there is not a squire in the realm who does not walk about with an Elzevir edition of Horace in his pocket, or who, upon the slightest provocation, fails to produce the volume, and hold a public meeting. We confess in our experience of English country gentlemen not to have come across this miraculous ideal. We trust we never may—for pedantry of every kind is objectionable on principle. The immediate cause of the contemptuous indignation of this consummate classicist, as he plainly holds himself to be, is not the classical blundering of a transatlantic country gentleman, but of the poet Longfellow. The title of one of Longfellow's poems, he observes, involves a gross violation of the laws of Latin grammar. "Every schoolboy" would know better than to have written 'excelsior;' it ought to be excelsius. As it is, excelsior can only correctly mean that the mountain is growing higher, not that the youth is going higher up the mountain. This is the very false gallop of pretentious criticism. Of course Mr. Longfellow is perfectly right. It is a characteristic idiom of the Latin tongue that in such cases as these an adjective agreeing with the subject is elegantly put for an adverb. For instance, medius eo means to go in the middle; and it is upon this analogy that Mr. Longfellow's construction is defensible and correct."

Old Times.

Lomax Smith, a barber in the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, is a relic of the palmy days of Virginia. A writer in the Petersburg Progress recently sat in the old gentleman's chair, to whom Smith gossipped about old times:

"A nice collection of gentlemen, sir," said Lomax, "this convention at Assembly Hall; many very genteel and able persons there, sir. It does me good to see again in Virginia the best people coming forward to take part in politics. And, yes, sir, there are some great men here, too—scattered about among the hundreds I don't know; but—excuse me, sir, turn your face a little to the left—you can't remember the convention of '29, can you? Too young! Yes, yes! Well, there was Mr. Jeems Madison, and that other gentleman, very smart but mighty flighty, Mr. Randolph, of Roanoke, and more than I can call now. You have got big men here to-day, but bless my soul, sir, they was all giants then; there wasn't an humble individual here. Giants, sir, giants, every one."

And Lomax restrapped his razor, turned our head gently, and began again.

"And how did they come here, sir? Omnibuses, hacks? Not they! Private carriages, private servants; and everyone had a square mahogany box, with silver mountings; in this were four square bottles, trimmed with vines and leaves in gold; one held old pine apple rum, one brandy and honey—peach and honey, sir, one sherry, and one Madeira. No whiskey, and no drinking at bars. The case was in every delegate's room, with the key put away, but"—and here Lomax thoughtfully and suggestively drew his razor through the palm of an honest hand—"their constituents know where the key was sir. Yes, sir! And shaving then was fifty cents. No change! Those were days. Why nothing now is as good as it was, and I can tell the reason. Ever since 1830, sir, when they got up this universal suffrage, things have been going down, down, down. I never used to shave anybody then that was nobody; and now I hardly ever shave anybody that is anybody. Yes, sir, that 1830 suffrage commenced the whole thing, and now nothing is like it used to be. Why sausage, sir, sausage! The old Virginia luxury! What is it now? It used to be made out of the choicest parts of the hog; and now you're lucky if it's hog at all, and when it is there's nothing but gristle and lean." Lomax drew a long sigh, we gently rose, and, "declining the change," left the premises with a conviction that Lomax was more than half right.

"Old times! they cling, they cling."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

An English Countess has written a treatise on the diseases of cats.

—A London cabman has lately recovered damages from a woman who delayed his business by being too fat to get into his cab.

—At the lunatic asylum at Leopoldfeld, Hungary, forty or fifty male lunatics whose cases are not hopeless are drilled twice a week in military tactics, for the promotion of their recovery.

—The Indian papers are solicitous for his Highness the Nawab Nazim of Moorshedabad, who has a family of forty-two children, including nineteen unmarried Princesses who must be married to royal personages, else the Nawab would smite himself with the sword of despair. It is recommended that Parliament settle dowries on the penniless maidens.

—The Princess Louise is making herself popular at her Highland home. At a country ball recently she was the partner of a farmer, and went "down the middle" between a hundred couples in a contra-dance.

—It is reported that King Charles, of Sweden, is about to marry a daughter of the King of Denmark. If so, there will be a new genealogical puzzle—for the King of Sweden's daughter is already married to the King of Denmark's son; the new bridegroom will therefore become his own daughter's brother-in-law, and the Danish Crown Prince will be the son of his own sister.

—A fac-simile of the London Gazette of 1666 has been published in London. It contains a full account of the great conflagration in that city from September 3 to 10, 1666, when 13,200 dwelling houses, 87 churches, 6 chapels, 4 bridges, 3 city gates, the Exchange Building, Custom House, Newgate Prison, and Guildhall, were all destroyed by fire.

—They have "Maiden Assurance Companies" in Denmark. A father may deposit any sum at the birth of a daughter, and the child receives during her minority 4 per cent annually; at 18 she comes into a higher income, which is increased at stated periods through life.

—It is now said that there are plenty of snakes in Ireland. Several experiments were made two or three years ago with vipers and such thoroughbred specimens, which failed; but in 1831 the common snake of England was carried over, and has since increased rapidly.

—Prince Humbert's travels through Spain are thus described by La Correspondance: "The heir to the Italian throne travels in strict incognito. When the train reached Villalba the persons who expected him, among whom was his brother, naturally approached the first-class carriages; but what was their surprise to see a young man in a striped shirt, looking more like a stoker than a Prince, jump lightly from the locomotive, make his way through the group and throw himself into the arms of King Amadeus. Needless to say, it was Prince Humbert, who had been performing the duties of a machinist."

—The Princess Mary, of Holland is said to be five years the senior of her new husband, the Prince of Weid, to whom she brings a vast fortune as a compensation for her superior age. She had determined to live and die a maid, until she met the Prince, when she changed her resolution in an instant. She is reputed to be an excellent musician and an accomplished cook, and, what is more remarkable, to have made her own wedding cake.

—Prince Gortschakoff, Chief of the Russian Cabinet, and President Thiers will meet at Lausanne, in Switzerland, in a few days, according to arrangements made by General Le Flo. Their last interview was not very satisfactory. Gortschakoff asked M. Thiers from whom he came, and the latter said "From France." "Rather vague," said the Prince, smiling. "I hope you don't imagine," said Thiers, "that I come in the name of Gambetta and Jules Favre. I am an ex-Minister of Louis Philippe, and represent a republic."

—A Paris paper says that a rich American has offered to rebuild the Tuileries solely at his own expense, on condition that one of the wings of the new building shall receive his name, and that as long as he lives he shall be allowed an apartment looking out on the gardens, and an invitation to all the ceremonies which shall ever be given in the palace by any government which may be in power there.

—The Emperor Napoleon is fast recovering, not only his physical health, but also from the nervous shock which his system had undergone. On the occasion of his visit to Holy Lodge his spirits were at the highest. The boys of Chomondely College having attended to cheer him on his departure in the pouring rain, he turned round laughingly, as he wrapped himself in his furred great coat, and said, "How can you Englishmen grumble at this climate and call it variable? Why, it has done nothing but rain all the summer!" A loud peal of laughter and another hearty cheer greeted His Majesty as the carriage drove off.

—The London Spectator thus describes modern English extravagance: "It is coming rapidly to this—that a first-class leader of society with a first-class fortune, to be 'on a level with his position,' wants, or chooses to think he wants, a house in London, a house on the river, two palaces at least in the country, a shooting-box in the Highlands, a hotel in Paris as costly as his London house, a villa at Como, a floor in Rome, an establishment in Cairo or Constantinople, a yacht, a theatre, and a racing stud, and then he thinks that his life is as monotonous as it was when 'in his cool hall, with haggard eyes, the noble Roman lay.'"

—Paris seems herself again. Many improve the cool summer by dispensing entirely with their sojourns in the country. The prolonged session of the Assembly prevents general vacations. Hacks are plenty, and coachmen are civil. Precautions for the health of the city are abundant, odorous, and so far successful. Jeremiahs have changed their wailings from the cholera to the potato disease, which is likely to prove disastrous. The French galleries of the Louvre are open, and the artists are painting there again; still the best old pictures are not visible. Visitors look disappointed at the meagreness of the exhibition.

—General Brice, the Haytian Minister, on presenting his credentials to President Thiers, caused no little sensation, and the next day romantic sketches of the sable diplomat appeared in all the Paris journals. General Brice hunted down the ex-Emperor Soulouque, and he is said to have penetrated many times into the heart of the enemy's position under all kinds of disguises, and never to have returned to camp without having first stuffed his pockets with the ears of assassinated sentries. He twice hanged by the neck; twice the rope slipped; in three sieges he was reduced to eat the soles of his boots.

—The Reichsrath of Germany has just taken a long step in promotion of public rectitude, by abolishing the gaming centres of the country, though they have a good lease yet, not being obliged to close till the last of December, 1872. Wiesbaden, Ems, Baden, and Hamburg are all to be shut off from their hitherto enormous revenues from this source. The latter place pays the government a fine of $250,000 a year, and the expenses of keeping the grounds in order is $35,000 per annum, all of which comes out of the unlucky gamesters. They tried to gain the favor of the Emperor, but he told them that he had nothing to do with the question, which had already been decided by the Reichsrath. The company now propose to move to Swiss ground to carry on their business.

—An incident which occurred in Rome, recently, is exceedingly gratifying as showing the progress made in Italy toward abolishing the barbarous custom of settling private quarrels by the duello. Mr. Avisini, Director of the Fanfulla, a humorous paper, and, perhaps, the wittiest of the class published in Europe, was assaulted by a certain Luciani, ex-Director of the Capitale, with whom he had waged a war of words in his journal. Luciani gave him a violent blow in the face. Mr. Avisini called together a committee of five gentlemen, Deputies, military men, etc., from whose opinion no one would choose to appeal, and referred the matter to them, placing himself in their hands as to the conduct he should pursue. They unanimously decided that the assault committed was less a personal offence than one committed against society, and that Mr. Luciani cannot claim to be called upon to give "the satisfaction of a gentleman," but has made himself responsible to the law. Following this decision, Mr. Avisini has duly made complaint of the outrage to the civil authorities.

—Lord Shaftesbury, in a speech at Glasgow on mission chapels, good books, city buildings, and civilization generally, told a story to illustrate the difficulty of housing the people well. "There was an abominable district in London, he said. He selected a house and persuaded the inmates to allow him, at some expense, to whitewash the walls, and make the place as tidy and comfortable as possible. They consented. A short time afterward he went there, and anything more begrimed than the appearance of the house, more shocking to any person caring for decency, he could not conceive. He said, 'What on earth is this?' and the reply was, 'Please your honor, the house looked so cold and uncomfortable that I sent for the sweep and axed him to give us a few warm touches.'"

—Justin McCarthy thus writes of the popular sentiment in London concerning Queen Victoria: "The vast majority of the people have no more of the old-fashioned sentiment of loyalty in them than the people of New York city. Indeed, I have heard a warmer admiration for Queen Victoria expressed in America than I ever heard in England. But she is universally believed to be a good woman. All the vulgar and vile scandal we used to hear some years ago, and which I am convinced no one really believed, has died away, and people think well of the Queen and are sorry for her, and would rather she lived and reigned long than give way to a successor. Of course the West End shopkeepers are vexed because the Queen lives in such retirement, and these would welcome Beelzebub to the throne if the imperial fiend gave court balls and encouraged the spending of money. But the great majority are content; and of the working classes it may be fairly said, so long as there must be a ruling personage, they would rather keep the sovereign they have than take their chances with the probable successor."

—The author of "Land-Journey from Asia to Europe" says: "I remember seeing in Canton a military examination. A deep trench was dug in a circle, and two targets were placed at equal distances from the centre. The competitor mounted a very slow pony, who trotted round the trench; the rider then approached the target, and, when close by it, put the arrow against it, pulled the bow, and of course each time placed the arrow successfully in the target. Three times did he perform this wondrous feat, and then, kneeling at the Governor's feet, was dubbed an officer. It was so ridiculous I could hardly believe it to be true."

—Paul de Kock, the famous romancer whose writings pleased Pope XVI., was a Protestant, and a Protestant preacher has made a discourse over his remains at the cemetery of Romainville, and M. de Najac, in the name of literature and dramatic societies, also made a discourse over the body. At the cemetery, also, some unknown person advanced toward the tomb and uttered these singular words: "Paul de Kock, since 1838 I have read thee; thou has always given me pleasure; I do not make discourses, but, mounting on high, thou canst say to God, 'I do not know that I am not decorated.'"

—A most ludicrous scene was enacted recently in the House of Commons, which, had it occurred in the reign of Elizabeth or James I., would have sent the Lord Chancellor his head, and the eggs of the Norman geese would never have been hatched. Mr. Gladstone had taken unusual pains, it seems, to make an effective "Majesty's Speech" on the breaking-up of Parliament and the general dispersion of the Parliamentary partridge and grouse-shooters to the fields and moors. The speech was entrusted to the Lord Chancellor for delivery, and he was pleasantly enjoined to "do it well," according to the best of his ability as an elocutionist. It was written, as is usually the case, upon separate sheets, but the clerk who copied it forgot to attach these. Mr. Gladstone himself stood at the bar of the House, waiting to observe the effect of his oratory, and especially that of the peroration, which he had elaborated and ornamented a good deal. The "ahems" and "rowdyisms" of the members having at last subsided, in obedience to the Speaker's demand for order, the Lord Chancellor rose and began to deliver the address with his usual facility; but presently he grew nervous and fidgety, and at length began to suspect that something was wrong. Before he was aware of it the mischief was done. The sheets had got "promiscuously commingled," and he found himself reading the last end of that Demosthenean peroration before he was three parts through with the speech itself. Confusion seized him, and he sat down confounded, while Gladstone bit his nether lip in silence; and when the partridge-shooters scattered finally for the holidays he sought his family and sea at Whitby, a little watering-place, most ancient and venerable, on the northern coast of England, not much the worse for the wear and tear of the hard session through which he had passed.

—One of the most touching incidents of the late war has yet to be recorded. When the Prince de Salm-Salm returned to Europe after the death of the Emperor Maximilian at Queretaro, the Archduchess Sophie appointed the Princess to an official post at Schoenbrunn. The Princess soon became the bosom friend and companion of the Archduchess, who still refuses to be comforted for the loss of her favorite son. The Prince meanwhile had joined the army and fell at Gravelotte. The Princess, although entirely deprived of all fortune by the deplorable event of Mexico, and wholly dependent on the bounty of the Archduchess, hesitated not to sacrifice the sum of 5,000 francs—all she possessed—to recover her husband's remains. The watch, the signal of recognition of the body, besides the usual tokens of uniform and accoutrements, was of peculiar make—a present from the Emperor Maximilian, and of pure Mexican gold—to which was attached a chain of the same material, with a locket containing a small photographic portrait of the Princess, with the initials of husband and wife, and the motto, four times repeated, "Forever mine," in German, English, French, and Spanish. For a considerable time no hope was entertained of the recovery of the body, when at last the 5,000 francs reward was claimed by a certain peasant of Gravelotte, who had discovered the body of an officer in uniform, too much decomposed, however, to be recognizable, but in whose pocket the watch was found, with a portion of the chain still attached. The printed description distributed all over the country had made it familiar enough to the inhabitants. The reward was cheerfully paid, although the chain was broken and the locket containing the Princess' likeness was gone. The body was brought to Vienna and there interred with all due reverence, and the Princess de Salm went to pray each day beside the tomb. Last week intelligence arrived from the Mayor of Gravelotte declaring that the real body of the Prince de Salm-Salm had been found in a wood on the hill beside the battle-field, and as proof of the identity, in spite of the utter impossibility of recognition, the pocketbook, marked with the Prince's cypher, containing several letters addressed to him by the Princess, were discovered beside him, and the remnants of a gold chain, to which was attached the locket containing the portrait of the Princess, were found still clutched in the grasp of the skeleton fingers of the corpse. The announcement has produced the greatest sensation in Vienna, and the supposition is that the watch must have been found in the possession of a robber, and that the Prince had succeeded in tearing the portrait from his grasp!

ART.

It is proposed to place a statue of Balfe in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, but the slowness with which subscriptions are coming in render it doubtful if sufficient funds can be realized.

—Mr. John Foley, the celebrated Irish sculptor, has recovered from his long illness and returned to London to resume work.

—Sir Edwin Landseer has so much improved in health that hopes of final recovery are entertained by his friends.

—At the sale of rare prints and etchings in London, some of the works of the great German master, Albert Durer, realized very high prices. His "Knight and Death" brought £92 10s.

—A colossal monument for Auber's tomb is to be executed by M. Carpeaux, the distinguished French sculptor. The design represents the composer surrounded by groups emblematic of his operatic chefs-d'oeuvre.

—Twelve vases of amphore, of a rare and beautiful quality, which were recently found at Capua, have been purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum. The vases are of large size and varied in form, with black figures, and are assigned to a period a little later than Alexander.

—A new system of mosaic painting has been invented in England by a Mr. Minton Campbell. It is an application of mosaic tesserae to ordinary painting, and, it is claimed, combines the durability of the mosaic with the freedom of oil painting. Though treated in oil, it is, in fact, vitreous, and may be burnt in by the furnace. Wall painting is thus secured by an imperishable enamel.

—The chief prize in the ensuing distribution of the Art Union of London is a group in marble, entitled "The Wood Nymph," by Mr. Birch. This group is now in the International Exhibition, and gained the premium of £600 awarded in a competition instituted by the Art Union.

—Rogers, the artist in statuettes, we learn, is now engaged upon a historical group of Washington, Lafayette, and Hamilton, which will probably occupy his attention for some time to come. A report, which has been going the rounds, that he has been engaged upon a statuette of the "Heathen Chinee" is entirely without foundation in fact.

—The silver statue of Napoleon I., which had disappeared from the Tuileries, and which half a dozen people have been accused of stealing, has been found. It was in an underground passage of the old Louvre, with other objects of art, and has been dug up in perfect condition. The well-known group representing the Prince Imperial playing with Nero—a favorite dog—has also been discovered in a similar spot.

—A working joiner in Glasgow has devoted his leisure hours for the last twenty-five years to the construction of a model of Jerusalem and the surrounding country, as it is supposed to have existed in the early Christian days. The model is of wood and covers 144 square feet. It weighs 1,300 pounds. Mr. Dumbreck, the constructor, delivers a descriptive lecture every evening, to which he gives considerable zest by his enthusiasm as well as the knowledge displayed of his subject.

—The Illustrated London News reports that Mr. John Gilbert, President of the Society of Painters in Water Colors, is to be knighted, and it is understood that the dignity is offered to the President of this distinguished body of artists as a public recognition of an art which, in its modern form of expression, is peculiarly British, and which the society, as the representative institution from its foundation in 1804, done so much to foster and elevate.

—Mr. Bouton, the virtuoso bookseller, of New York, who has just returned from England and France, brings with him, among other rare and curious things, artistic and literary, a very characteristic colored etching, which takes one back to the good old days of Cruikshank's vehemently Tory predecessor, the incomparable Gilray. Over a field of death and flame, sketched with all his old power of perspective, dances down to the footlights a horrible creature, horned, cloven in the hoof, but for all that curiously, in spite of Carlyle. On its head it wears a red fool's cap and bells, in one hand it flourishes a dagger dripping with gore, and with the other hand it waves a crimson banner from a spear crowned with a death's head wearing the red liberty cap, the "Phrygian bonnet" of 1793. In its belt the creature bears on one side a bottle labelled "brandy," on the other a bottle labelled "petroleum." This is Cruikshank's "Leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic, or the Infernal Fiend." Mr. Cruikshank would apply against the principles he detests the same regimen he demands against the drinks which he abhors. "A law," he says, "should be passed to make it criminal for such bloody principles to be advocated."

—A letter from Monroe, Mich., September 19, to the Detroit Tribune, says: "Mr. Robert Duncanson, of Cincinnati, one of the best of living American artists, is a native of Michigan, having spent nearly all of his early life in Monroe, where his relatives now reside. He is now visiting this city, and exhibiting to his old friends two of his best paintings. One of them is 'Ellen's Isle,' and the other 'The Peri at the Gate of Paradise.' For the former he has been offered $5,000, and for the latter $15,000, by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, but he has refused these offers. After exhibiting these a few days in Detroit and Rochester, Mr. Duncanson intends, in about ten days, to take 'Ellen Isle' to Boston, where it is to be presented to Senator Sumner. It represents the principal locality described in Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' The artist sketched it from the rock upon which the poet sat when he wrote the first draft of the delightful poem. 'The Peri at the Gate of Paradise' is a still larger painting, and is in every respect a master-piece of art. It is based upon Thomas Moore's allegorical poem of 'Lalla Rookh.'"

—A Bennington man who celebrated the Fourth rather too freely, managed to get home and attend to his "chores" after a fashion. While he kept perpendicular he could carry his load—as soon as he laid it down it wouldn't stay. To his wife's questions as to what ailed him he replied "Milk, wife, milk; that's what's the matter; drinked too much, warm, and it's soured on me." "Oh! yes," said the lady, "that story is all right, but that smell is rum." "Then the cussed old cow's prob'ly been cel'brat'n in'pen'nce day," said the inebriate.

TRUSSES, ETC.

RUPTURE.

Dr. MARSH'S Patent Radical Cure Truss ... [illegible]

UNDER THE TREES.

The Old Homestead.

There is a dim haze in the air this autumn day, and the pale leaves fall noiselessly, as if they were tired of living. The light wind floats lazily among the tree-tops, and dies out in a long sigh. The birds have stopped singing, and the ripe nuts drop with a muffled sound upon their golden bed. The children laugh merrily as they gather them, but their voices echo dimly down the valley, and I fancy them other child voices that echoed not so very long ago through other woods that were older and taller and statelier than these. An old house peeps through the sunlit foliage, but I see it dimly through a mist of tears.

It is not a grand old house—a costly pile of brick and mortar, and upholstery, and marble, and gilding. It calls up no visions of stately splendor, hallowed by time into a venerable antiquity. It might not even seem picturesque to any other eye than mine. But it is veiled in a cloud of illusions that are better than upholstery, and marble, and gilding, and splendor; better than the rustic grace of its moss-grown stones and vine-clad porch. The small windows may be quaint and old-fashioned, but they look at me with grave and tender eyes that beam with human warmth and love. The clean, white paint may have grown a trifle dingy; moss may have gathered upon the low roof, and time may have left many a desolate foot-print upon the old walks, but to me it is only a saddened tone that the years have lent. Every familiar object is consecrated by the warm affections that we lavish so generously upon the new world into which we have just come. A memory hides away in every nook and corner. Some are sweet and some are sad, but they are blended now, and shine with softened tender brightness through the twilight of years. Hopes, too, lie buried there, but they beam upon me to-day like the faces of lost friends, not pale and cold, but sunny and rose-tinted as in their first youth.

I wonder if any one builds castles in my old room now, or whiles away restless sick hours in trying to make some sort of geometrical figures out of the cracks in the wall? It was a simple little room, with a few rustic ornaments of shells and dried grasses, and a shelf of oddly-selected and mostly devotional books in the worldly company of Moore and the Arabian Nights. But if the walls could speak they could tell strange tales of visions that changed the low ceiling into a boundless sky "fretted with golden fire," and the small apartment into a fairyland full of all beautiful things. And who knows that this curious age may not learn to read the shadows cast by thought, and that the dead walls which shut him in may not prove open books, in which those who come after may trace the dreams, the hopes, the struggles, the sorrows, and the triumphs of his secret life?

The tree at the window, too; does it rustle as pleasantly as it used? It must be quite tall now. Probably its graceful branches droop over the roof. Many a summer wind and winter's snow have passed over it; but I seem to hear it murmur softly as of old, only there is an undertone of sadness it never had then. I don't think I heard it all, for its voice is fuller now, as well as sadder, and whispers far deeper things. But there are too many tears in these, and, somehow, I like the old song better.

The trees in the little grove down the road must have grown, too. I wonder if the sky looks as tenderly through the old elm as it did when I used to seek its friendly shelter because the world had gone wrong, and, lying quietly upon the fresh grass, gazed for lonely hours into the summer heavens with a vague feeling that the soft white clouds were angels, and must be sorry for me. The world has gone wrong many times since, but the grand old elm, with its waving branches, was far away, and the soft white clouds were only shadows in the blue ether.

Then there is the old garret, where I stole away to pass the long rainy days among a pile of musty books and papers, revelling in the pomps and splendors that dazzle a child's fancy, but fade like a brilliant dream before the touch of reality; where I found the odds and ends of finery so dear to the feminine heart in its doll-dressing days; where I donned fantastic costumes, improvised from the stiff brocades and queer bonnets of a century ago, and fancied myself a Princess, or a fairy, or anything else I could never be, even to an angel with a soiled dress and gauze wings; where I spoiled unknown quantities of yarn trying to spin it over on the old wheel that stood in the corner—a neglected relic of generations long past, but looking always so grandmotherly and kind; where I caught my hair on the curious little flax-wheel upon which some good old lady, long since gone to rest, was said to have spun her bridal outfit; where I played at odd-and-even with a barrel full of beans which represented the wealth of the Indies, but which nobody ever succeeded in winning; where I fled in terror from the harmless summer wasps that would build their dingy nests in my favorite corner, and buzz all day against the dusty little panes that let in the light so dimly. I wonder if the fragrance of dried herbs still clings to those venerable rafters—a fragrance that somehow always calls back those trustful days when the little white doves all came back with an olive branch; and the chill blasts whistling through the crevices were scarcely sadder than the sweet south wind that toyed so tenderly with the summer leaves.

It is useless to tell me that the rats hold high carnival in that old garret; that the roof leaks and lets in the rain; that everything in it is old, and dusty, and worn; that even the thoughts in the musty books belong to an era that has passed away, trampled under the pitiless feet of this railroad age.

I like the rats that play among my old toys, and dolls, and day-dreams. They cannot hurt any of them, alas! I like the rain that trickles through that worm-eaten roof. It is not half so chilly as it is everywhere else. I like the worn and dusty things that are crowded so full of memories. I like the old thoughts for the depth and sweetness that are fast fading out of the cold, hard life of to-day. I like the sentiment that takes the chill off from glittering, clear-cut facts, even if it be a little old-fashioned and weak. I should like to sit down to-day in that old garret among the shadows of half-worn things and forget that I had ever been away. I might not care to stay long, for no doubt the glamour is gone. When we have once come into the broad glare of the world, we can never go back again to the warm nook from which we first looked out and thought it Paradise. It may be that knowledge always brings disenchantment. I know not. I hope not. But the inevitable fate is upon us. Onward, be the way ever so desolate. Onward, though the blast is ever so biting, and bare realities stare us in the face at every step. Onward, toward the great light that makes hidden things clear.

But I am wandering from the old garret, with its fragrance of dried herbs. I am wandering from the little parlor with its faint odor of seclusion, and the memory of company days, when its cloistral stillness was broken, and the quaint little china tea-set, with its fanciful pictures, was brought out. That tea-set was my wonder and admiration, and to this day I always think of the Chinese as living in just such queer little pagodas, and carrying just such stiff umbrellas. I used to look at them until I forgot to drink my tea, and one day I was carrying the cups away on a small salver, and building Chinese air-castles based upon those pictures, when I ran against some one, and my castles and the tea-set all fell in one general ruin. My pillow was wet with very bitter tears that night. I thought my heart was broken, but it got well in time. I never took any interest in the gilt-edged tea-set that came afterward. The delicate cups only meant something to drink out of, and I looked upon them as usurpers. But the bits of broken china ornamented my "play-house" so long as I had one, and I have no doubt some of them could be found hidden away in the old garret to this day.

Shadowy faces flit through those old rooms—bright little faces that came like bits of sunshine and went out leaving the place desolate; happy faces that shone tenderly through the pale orange flowers, and, before the love-flush had faded, slept beneath the cypress. They are all gone. The voices that blended so sweetly in the evening song are silent. The old house is desolate. Yet it was not so long ago, as we count time. But the roses fade early and the lilies droop before the frost. The sun that rises so brightly is clouded ere the noon, and the morning, alas! is hung with the chill mists of the evening.

But the old homestead is still there, a little older, a little sadder, perhaps, yet quite unchanged. Deal tenderly with it, oh, stranger! for many hopes, and loves, and sorrows are built into its moss-grown walls. Tear it down, if you will, as modern vandalism tears down all the time-honored things to which human hearts love to cling; but you will have torn down what you can never build up! You may put in its place something new, and fresh, and convenient. The structure may be the finest, the furnishing the costliest, but something is missing. The flavor has vanished, the illusions are gone.

Blessed illusions, that touch dead things with the warm tints of life; that crown plain things with an aureole of beauty; that lend to existence half its poetry and sweetness, and half its sadness, too, perhaps, that temper the chill of hard realities, and throw over them the mantle of charity; that reach [illegible] from the years, and give promise [illegible] of something better to come.

Blessed illusions! Deal tenderly with them. O dread iconoclast! else thou shalt sit upon a shoreless sea, and the dove thou sendest forth, finding no rest for the sole of her foot, shall come back to thee desolate.

A. R. G.

NICE YOUNG MEN.

The latest advices from fashionable summer resorts bring the information that "nice young men are in demand at the watering places."

The complexion required for these amiable bipeds is not specified. It is to be presumed, however, that decided blondes and brunettes are more in favor than the uncertain gray-eyed and tawny-haired specimens that are not, strictly speaking, "nice young men." The nice young man proper is a model of neatness and propriety. His shirt-fronts are marvels of glossy whiteness. His neckties exhaust the skill of one entire intellect. His mustache exhibits abundant evidence of the most careful attention. He wears his hair parted in the middle, as most becoming to his style of beauty. He has a gentle bandbox air of being adequate to any perfectly genteel situation that may occur with the combination, mamma in the background and Flora McFlimsy on the piazza. He is "just splendid to promenade with; so composed and elegant; keeps step so nicely; always offers you his left arm, and all that, you know." Was never, in the whole course of his immaculate existence, guilty of any perceptible change in his expression of countenance, beyond smiling and not smiling. Usually he smiles. He has a pleasing vocabulary of harmless little sentences, not calculated to harrow the sensibilities by expressing undue emotion—neither adapted to fatiguing the brain with uncalled for vigor of thought. He quotes French and Italian occasionally, that he kindly renders into English immediately afterward, lest his listener should grope despondingly in a hopeless slough of ignorance in search of his meaning. He is not sufficiently credulous to believe that any one who would listen to him could understand French or Italian, or both. Consequently he translates. Oh, condescension, thou art an indispensable characteristic of the nice young man! He confesses sweetly that he does not like exertion. He prefers looking nice and sitting still, or taking a quiet little promenade with Flora when she is not sentimental and don't want to be made love to. When he makes love he prefers to do it by letter; then he can have the Classical Dictionary and book of foreign quotations convenient for nice-sounding little extracts. Then he can be very prettily in earnest without going to the trouble of changing his expression of countenance. If he is rejected, he pities her lack of taste; if he is accepted, the fatigue of getting up his trousseau renders him prematurely old and withered. He doesn't marry for love, nor yet for money; since there is not a sufficient quantity of either commodity to make it worth while. "All human motive is mixed, and in this case he is governed by a mild preference for an unmeaning combination of well-disposed chatelaine braids and becoming costume, in conjunction with an influential papa-in-law, who, for Flora's sake, can get the nice young man a situation drawing a good salary and demanding feeble exertion. Other men may object to a mother-in-law, but he doesn't. He considers a mother-in-law's not unworthy adjunct to domestic harmony. His ideal mother-in-law is a doating, half-imbecile creature, who will coddle, and coax, and pet him, and see that his things are in order, and his dinner punctual, and Flora sitting up pretty and useless to receive him with a simper when he comes home, not exactly tired, but a trifle bored with the monotony of "business." He likes his mother-in-law because she treats him and Flora as if they were a pair of wax dolls, to be dressed and looked at, and not to be handled too roughly, or required to do anything but smile, and open and shut their eyes sometimes. Flora is very pretty, and graceful and nice, and all that, but sometimes she forgets to say anything when the nice young man is relating his experience with Sophronia Softly, who "wanted him dreadfully," and made eyes at him an entire season at Newport. The mother-in-law, however, is enchanted with these reminiscences, and says, "You dear boy," with an imbecility of admiration that is eminently soothing and satisfactory to the tender sensibilities of the nice young man as a Benedict. Happy and blessed is he if he be Benedict under such circumstances!

It sometimes happens, however, that he is not as happily married to an inane counterpart and doting mother-in-law. It is possible that in his youth and innocence he and his neck-ties may fall a victim to some notorious *intrigante* who persuades him that he is "in love" with her. She admires his neck-ties, is enraptured with the color of his gloves, and is reminded by his blue eyes and blonde hair of pictures of Milton, and poems about Keats, and lovely descriptions she has read of artists. She remembers his platitudes, and repeats them in his hearing as brilliant witticisms upon his part. She supplements his unmeaning remarks with sprightly explanations, and makes him feel that it is possible after all for him to be even more than a pretty combination of neck-tie and blonde hair. If he grow conceited over her adulation, she abandons the *role* of a sweet suppliant for his smiles, and becomes all at once lovely and abstracted, and gives utterance to an involuntary and overpowering admiration for gentlemen with brunette complexions, bearing no resemblance to Milton or Keats. So she piques and pets by turns the pretty puppet that she has decided to marry, until he falls a helpless victim to her wiles, and becomes her husband. He expects exuberant congratulations from people having a reputation for being sensible, and is vaguely and a trifle uncomfortably puzzled by their reticence or their excessiveness so strangely like satire! It is true, young Rhodes does say that she kissed him three days before her marriage to the nice young man, and wanted to hold on to two or three others up to the very day she became a wife, in case the nice young man should hear any ridiculous stories and weakly back out at the last moment. But then she explains this by saying that she flirted with Rhodes, and of course he feels badly over "sour grapes." He envies the nice young man, of course, and wants to make him unhappy. That is all! The nice young man "understands the whole thing at once," and tries to feel happier than ever with the "magnificent creature" who jilted Rhodes and half-a-dozen others. It was so cunning of her to jilt them and marry him! What a splendid fellow he is, to be sure, to have succeeded in getting her! After marriage, she does not insist upon maternity and the domestic fire-side. She is just as bright and attractive as ever. Keeps an unmarried sister with her (in lieu of a mother-in-law) who solves housekeeping difficulties and accounts for the number of gentlemen who frequent the house during the nice young man's absence. She explains to him that she must chaperone her unmarried sister (a tender lamb of 30), and, of course, "must make things pleasant for gentlemen guests, or how is the dear lamb ever to be married?" The nice young man understands, of course. He isn't "unreasonable." He "has sense enough to see his own interest;" his wife tells him this, and he thinks "it must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well," etc., and becomes convinced that his wife paints, and pads, and powders, and drives, and promenades, and exchanges notes with Colonel Rashly and Mr. Hairodown, and receives flowers, and smelling bottles, and books, and pictures, and music from them "all along of" her duties as chaperone to the unmarried 30-year-old sister!

So soon as the nice young man is convinced of this he stays up stairs, or down stairs, or in my lady's chamber, according as he is "put"—anywhere to be out of the way, so that Madame can have a private interview with gentlemen who "want to talk," she assures him, "about the unmarried sister." She tells him what was said with a minuteness that puts him to sleep in the first fifteen minutes after she begins; then she gets up quietly, disposes flowers received from Mr. Hairodown, and takes therefrom a card bearing the touching inscription, "Sweets to the sweet." She responds, or endeavors to respond, in verse that begins "Sweets to the sweet I oft have heard." Should the nice young man find this diffusive sweetness, she explains that she was "writing it for the unmarried sister;" and the nice young man blushes at his own stupidity in not understanding this without having it explained to him. She forgives him upon condition that he shall remember what is required of her as chaperone. Sometimes he wishes the unmarried sister would get a husband to chaperone her, and not victimize his poor wife, for, of course, "it is quite dreadful," she tells him, and he knows it is, because she says so, and, if she had chopped down a cherry tree, she "couldn't tell a lie." If it killed her, she couldn't do that. He knows it as well as he knows the color of his neck-tie, and he knows that as well as he knows anything. Sometimes there is scandal afloat concerning her. "Slander loves a shining mark," of course, and if she isn't a shining mark the nice young man never saw one, and he don't care if he never does see one if she isn't one; so he "is in" for the scandal. He wouldn't mind it if people could only understand the shining-mark arrangement, and not turn the cold shoulder to him on account of the scandal; but somehow they don't care for shining marks. They care more for a two-cent newspaper that contains something about the scandal; the nice young man becomes quite low in spirits, and consults the shining mark as to her opinion on the subject. She advises him to "live it down." He don't see how, when fellows make game of him all the time. It's all very well to be a shining mark, and have one's mind diverted with the duties of chaperoning; but when a fellow is only a nice young man, and not a shining mark, it is not so pleasant. If she thinks it is, he would just like to have her try it a while and see. She tells him the way to "live it down" is to let her drive and walk with Mr. Hairodown privately, and appear with the nice young man publicly, and be more devoted to each other than ever when anybody is looking; and to get up private theatricals for religious purposes, and to receive more presents of smelling bottles and pictures, and books and flowers, and to be gayer and brighter than ever. That's the way to "live it down!" The nice young man thinks, maybe, it is the way, "if a fellow could," but "it comes pretty rough" sometimes, this being married to a shining mark!

This is the most unhappy fate that can befall the nice young man. In a short time he becomes dismal as a withered nosegay; for, put as bold a face upon the matter as he can, his shining mark is sent to Coventry by the best people, and he don't care for the miserable social hangers-on who still retain her acquaintance. He could have lived without resembling Keats or Milton, but he did want to be respectable. It would have been better for him that he had never been born, or, having been born, that he had never married. He could have been happier spending his life at watering places, where "nice young men are in demand." He could have gone on peacefully from year to year, saying "Yes" with a rising inflection when he did not understand a remark, and "Quite so," when he did understand it, and smiling in between times and wearing all his pretty neck-ties unmolested, and so gliding, gently and peacefully down the stream of time unpierced by any merciless arrows directed at the character of "A Shining Mark."

PROTEANA.

From "Songs of the Sierras."

MY INDIAN LOVE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

* * * * * I love
A forest maiden; she is mine;
And on Sierra's slopes of pine,
The vines below, the snows above,
A solitary lodge is set
Within a fringe of watered firs;
And there my wigwam fires burn,
Fed by a round brown patient hand,
That small brown faithful hand of hers
That never rests till my return.
The yellow smoke is rising yet;
Tiptoe, and see it where you stand,
Lift like a column from the land.

There are no sea-gems in her hair,
No jewels fret her dimpled hands,
And half her bronzed limbs are bare;
But round brown arms have golden bands,
Broad, rich, and by her cunning hands
Cut from the yellow virgin ore,
And she does not desire more.
I wear the beaded wampum belt
That she has wove—the sable pelt
That she has fringed red threads around;
And in the morn, when men are out,
I wake the valley with the shot
That brings the brown deer to the ground,
And she beside the lodge at noon
Sings with the wind, while baby swings
In sea-shell cradle by the bough—
Sings low, so like the clover sings
With swarm of bees; I hear her now,
I see her sad face through the moon …
Such songs!—would earth had more of such!
She has not much to say, and she
Lifts never voice to question me
In aught I do … and that is much.
I love her for her patient trust,
And my love's forty-fold return—
A value I have not to learn
As you … at least, as many must …

… She is not over-fill or fair;
Her breasts are curtained by her hair,
And sometimes, through the silken fringe,
I see her bosom's wealth, like wine,
Burst through in luscious ruddy fringe—
And all its wealth and worth are mine.
I know not that one drop of blood
Of Prince or Chief is in her veins;
I simply say that she is good,
And loves me with pure womanhood.
… When that is said, why, what remains?

The Testimony of Intuition.

The modern spirit is suspicious of the evidence of intuition. It is loudly proclaimed on all sides by the teachers of positive science that instinct is a dubious guide, liable to the accidents of chance interpretation, variously understood by various minds; that in following it we may be pursuing an *ignis fatuus*; that it is at best only valid for the individual who may happen to feel its force; that it is not an universal endowment (as it should be if trustworthy), but often altogether wanting; and that it can never yield us *certainty*, because its root is a subjective feeling or conviction, which cannot be verified by external test. These charges cannot be ignored or lightly passed over. And for the theist merely to proclaim, as an ultimate fact, that the human soul has an intuition of God, that we are endowed with a faculty of apprehension of which the correlative object is divine, will carry no conviction to the atheist. Suppose that he replies: "This intuition may be valid evidence for you, but I have no such irrepressible instinct; I see no evidence in favor of innate ideas in the soul, or of a substance underneath the phenomena of nature of which we can have any adequate knowledge;" we may close the argument by simple reassertion, and vindicate our procedure on the ground that in the region of first principles there can be no farther proof. We may also affirm that the instinct being a sacred endowment, and delicate in proportion to the stupendous nature of the object it attests, it may, like every other function of the human spirit, collapse from mere disuse. But if we are to succeed in even suggesting a doubt in the mind of our opponent as to the accuracy of his analysis, we must verify our primary belief, and exhibit its credentials so far as that is possible. We must show why we cannot trace its genealogy farther back, or resolve it into simpler elements, and we must not keep its nature shrouded in darkness, but disclose it so far as may be. This, then, is our task.

The instinct to which we make our ultimate appeal is, in its first rise in the soul, crude, dim, and inarticulate. Gradually it shapes itself into greater clearness, aided, in the case of most men, by the myriad influences of religious thought and of historical tradition—heightening and refining it when educed, but not creating it; separating the real gold from any spurious alloy it may have contracted. Like all our innate instincts this one is at first infantile, and, when it begins to assert itself, it prattles, rather than speaks coherently. We do not here raise the general question of the existence of *a priori* principles. We assume that the mind is not originally an *abrasa tabula*, but the endowments with which it starts are all gifts in embryo. They are not full-formed powers, so much as the capacities and potentialities of mental life. Their growth to maturity is most gradual, and the difference between their adult and their rudimentary phases is as wide as is the interval between a mature organization and the egg from which it springs. It is, therefore, no evidence against the reality or the trustworthiness of the intuition to which we appeal that its manifestations are not uniform, or that it sometimes seems absent in the abnormal states of consciousness, or, among the ruder civilizations of the world. We admit that it is difficult for the uninitiated to trace any affinity between its normal and its abnormal manifestations, when it is modified by circumstances to any extent. We farther admit that while never entirely absent, it may sometimes seem to slumber, not only in stray individuals, but in a race or an era, and be transmitted from generation to generation in a latent state. It may hibernate, and then awake as from the sleep of years, arising against the will of its possessor and refusing to be silenced. Almost any phenomenon may call it forth, and no single phenomenon can quench it. It is the spontaneous utterance of the soul in presence of the object whose existence it attests, and as such it is necessarily prior to any act of reflection upon its character, validity, or significance. Reflex thought, which is the product of experience, cannot in any sense originate an intuition, or account for those phenomena which we may call by that name, supposing them to be delusive. Nothing in us, from the simplest instinct to the loftiest intuition, could in any sense create the object it attests, or after which it seeks and feels. And all our ultimate principles, irreducible by analysis, simply attest and assert.—*British Quarterly Review.*

Nunc Pro Tunc.

From the [illegible] Bulletin.

In the early days of California history Judge B. was the Judge of the First Instance in the town of Santa Cruz. The Judge, like many old Californians, was fond of hot whiskey at night, and would at times, with a circle of congenial friends, keep watch until morning; in consequence of which his brain would be slightly muddled when he went on the bench. On one occasion, after a night of deep potations, a Spaniard was brought before him to be tried for horse stealing; a crime punishable at that time by death. The Judge, but a short time previous had a valuable horse stolen from his stables. The defendant was a hard-featured, wretched specimen of the genus greaser; and when the Judge heard the indictment read he took one unsteady but searching look at him, and said: "J. B., stand up! I believe you are the d—d scoundrel who stole my horse. The sentence of the court is, that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead—dead—dead!"

"But, your Honor," says the District Attorney, "the man has not been tried."

The Judge, sternly. "Sit down, sir; this court knows its business, and don't want any of your impertinence. Mr. Sheriff, see the judgment executed immediately. The court stands adjourned."

The officers of the court and spectators were astounded, but they knew the temper of the old man too well to trifle with him in his present condition, so nothing could be done but to remand the prisoner to jail until the Judge should sober up.

After the adjournment, the officers of the court determined among themselves to have the judgment duly entered up by the Clerk, and that the Sheriff should make a return that he had executed the defendant. Next morning the Judge went on the bench sober, and, glancing over the calendar, called the case of The People vs. J. B., when the Sheriff replied: "Your Honor, the man has been hung." "Hung!" replied the Judge, "how is that? There has been no trial yet."

"No, your Honor," replied the Clerk, "but your Honor yesterday waived the trial and sentenced the defendant, and peremptorily ordered the Sheriff to immediately carry the sentence of the court into execution; and it was done." "Umph!" says the Judge, "never mind—let the trial proceed *nunc pro tunc**; all orders and judgments of this court must be justified by due and legal proceedings had."

The Judge was in earnest, the joke was ended, and nothing remained but to bring in the prisoner for trial. It need not be said that the sentence of the court was justified; and that shortly after there was one less horse thief in that part of the country.

*A judgment *nunc pro tunc* can be entered only when the delay has arisen from the action of the court.—3 C. B., 970.

MAKING AN OMELETTE.

From the French of Gustave Droz.

The rain had been falling all day, and, tired out, had turned into the sort of mist that rises from the meadows at evening. We had just dined; baby, who had fallen asleep at dessert, had gone to bed, and we two, Louise and I, were standing at the open window, looking out at the sky and humming to ourselves.

"Suppose we leave the ark, Father Noah?" said my wife to me.

"I see no rainbow, my dear."

"So much the more reason for going out to look for it."

She left me, and came back hooded, booted, and gloved. She took my arm with a good firm hold, leaning close up to me, as if we had just met after a long separation.

"Oh, how glad I am to get out! Don't you feel how good the air is? I should like to go on walking, walking. Let us go ever so far; it is broad daylight still." And she merrily urged me on, making great strides to keep pace with me.

We skirted the hedge, and, turning to the left, entered the wood. How we loved that dear wood! At that hour it was silent, damp, and dripping, like the beard of a sea-god. The wet moss yielded to the foot like a saturated sponge, and a clear raindrop trembled to its fall on every leaf of the drooping branches.

"You will be very wet, dearest," I said to Louise, stopping as I spoke.

"Oh, no matter; I have on my thick boots. Do let us go on."

So we went on. I thanked my wife for her courage that evening, for nothing on earth is more beautiful than the forest after a rain, especially at sunset, when all is silence and peace. The wind has gone down, the weary rain has crept back to its clouds, the very birds are falling asleep and dreaming of dryness. To me there is a well-loved charm in feeling really alone, when there are only two of us, and we are arm in arm; in walking under the great green arches; in breathing the keen scent of the moist wood; in striking my stick against the massive oaks and hearing the long, sonorous echo from the neighboring trees; in stopping short at the cry of a breaking twig, at the sound of the drops pattering from leaf to leaf; in drawing in long breaths of the fresh, rain-washed air; in listening with my eyes (if I may use the expression) to the exquisite harmony of all these shy and subtle tones. The metaphor is so true that it has become trite, but I do not use it for the sake of stringing words together.

On a fine day, when the sun is near setting, everything grows rosy and high-colored, like the face of a handsome girl spinning over the fire. There is a warmth and a vividness of tone, boon nature is thrilled and touched, and we feel that through the day she has had her share of love, and pleasure, and work. The forest is warm; the foliage sparkles with diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and every now and then on the mossy trunks you catch a sudden startling gleam of gold. Then you have an orchestra with all its effects, a rich and brilliant harmony, like the unexpected sight of a royal treasure-chest, like a cathedral where the loud trumpets burst out and a whole nation shouts Alleluia!

But on a gray day it is quite another thing; no brightness then, no trumpets and drums. Nature goes to her bed that night with tearful eyes and a marked desire to yawn. The violins, deadened that she may sleep, are at their lowest and slowest; you can hardly hear their music. It is like a dream, but so sweet is its voice, so exquisite its harmony, that it is not an easy thing for the loitering lover of the music of the eye to decide which phase he prefers—the forest veiled in the gray mantle of twilight, or the forest dazzling in its golden gleams of splendor.

We were going along under a clump of birches when a gentle little wind passed over us, stirring the tree-tops, and they, with a sudden shake like a bird from its bath, sent down on us a shower of liquid diamonds.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Louise, stopping dead short, "the horrid wind! I am soaked!"

Her skirt fluttered in the wind, and I caught sight of two tiny boots firmly planted close together in the grass.

"Perfectly soaked!" she repeated; "my hood was pushed back, and I have a deluge down my neck—a whole river."

"Where, poor dear! where?"

"Where! Just in the middle of my throat, I say—in the little place—"

She looked at me, and we laughed. It was there I always kissed her. Habits are easily formed, even in youth.

I brushed off the rain, readjusted her hood, and when she was comfortable again she said with a smile: "You are very nice."

I rather think I kissed her. And in high good-humor we danced over the fern, she leaning on my arm; then, as we came into the sonorous silence of the high growth, she suddenly broke out, to the tune of the "Marseillaise," into a foolish little song of her own invention about a wicked husband who did not love his wife at all, at all, at all. She looked so mischievous as she hurried on, singing, and smiling, and showing her pretty white teeth, that I began to sing with her. We behaved like children; we knew it, and we liked it—it is a good thing.

All at once we came to a place which might have been a quagmire, a dried-up marsh, or a worked-out quarry—I don't know which; but the ground was uptorned, the trees were destroyed, and gnarled roots looked angrily out from the briers.

"Are you sure we shan't lose our way?" said Louise, looking at me.

"Oh no, dearest."

"And if we are lost, what will that poor little fellow, asleep in his cradle this minute, say to-morrow? Shall we go back? Say, shall we go back?"

"But we are only twenty minutes from home, not more."

"Yes, yes, travellers who are lost in the woods always think they are only twenty minutes from home. I don't like those ugly twisted trees; there must be crowds of animals living in those roots." She shuddered, and, stooping forward to listen, said, "There, do you hear? Don't you hear those heavy blows? Hush, hush—heavy, heavy blows. At this hour, in the forest, what can it be? The sun is setting; shan't we go back?"

I listened, and did indeed hear a dull sound, the cause of which was easy to guess. I could have told her at once, but I liked too well to see her as she stood, serious and bent to listen, her lips parted, and her eyes fixed on mine; it gave me too much pleasure to have her clinging to me in her fright, and in my egotism I answered, without moving a muscle: "It is strange, indeed. I do hear heavy blows. Let us go see what it is; it can't be far."

"Go there! Dear George, you are mad." She threw her arms around me, and raising herself to my ear, almost whispered: "I am frightened; come away, please—please come away."

"What a little coward you are! Didn't you recognize the sound—the woodcutters working in the clearing?"

"And you expect me to believe in your woodcutters? What are they doing, pray?"

"They are cutting up oak logs to make staves for barrels; that's the whole of the mystery."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are woodcutters good people?"

"Particularly these; I know them well. Let us go and see them; it won't take three minutes."

She consented to follow me, lagging a little behind. In another minute or two we were in the most picturesque of spots. Before us were two or three cabins like the wigwams on the shores of Lake Ontario, described in Cooper's novels, consisting of a pile of boards and trunks of trees, blackened, moss-grown, damp and dark, topped by a white chimney, whence a feather of blue smoke escaped into the green vault above us. Around this settlement were heaps of logs, mountains of chips, pyramids of yellowish-red planks, and, on a line stretched from tree to tree, a few clothes making believe to dry. The ground next the huts was trodden down, and at a little low door an old woman was feeding a dozen chickens.

"Good evening, sir—good evening, madame," said the old woman, as we approached. "Won't you come in and warm yourselves a little? It's pretty fresh this evening."

Louise was looking at everything as she would have looked at a successful stage effect. We went in.

The inside was worthy of the outside. The hut was of irregular shape, full of chinks and corners; in the middle, on the ground, blazed a magnificent fire, the fireplace being indicated by four iron bars, which kept the burning brands in their place. There was a hole in the roof, as in the impluvium of a Roman house, and the flames soared high; beyond the opening, through a yawning chimney, which let in the daylight and let out the smoke, we saw branches and gray sky. In the embers was a pot set to boil, and in the corners of the cabin, in a confusion of tools, materials, and refuse, three men—one a little old fellow with hollow cheeks and brickdust complexion—were chopping away with all their might and main. The three were father, son, and son-in-law; this was their workshop and their home, and here they lived and labored year in, year out, winter and summer through. Once a week the son went to the village for provisions, and on Sunday the whole family played at bowls under the great trees.

As we entered they stopped work, and each man, having spoken to us, put down his axe, a frightful weapon, not unlike the guillotine axe—an enormous, sharp pointed blade, and a short handle, admirably adapted to the murder of oaks, but sinister of aspect. Louise drew somewhat closer to me on the little bench where we had seated ourselves.

"Don't we interrupt your work?" I asked the old man.

"Thank you kindly, no sir; we are just going to supper."

The two young men pulled down their sleeves, and they all gathered round a large table of primitive construction, made of board, and four legs still in the rough. While they were setting out little plates of thick blue stoneware the old woman brought a great pan, and threw into the fire an armful of chips.

In this strange, rude interior Louise looked refined and delicate, with all her dainty appointments of long, undressed kid gloves, jaunty boots, and looped-up petticoat. While I talked to the woodcutters she shielded her face from the fire with her hands, and kept her eye on the butter beginning to sing in the pan.

Suddenly she rose, and, taking the pan handle from the old woman said, "Let me help you make the omelette, will you?"

The good woman let go with a smile, and Louise found herself alone, in the attitude of a fisherman who had just had a nibble. She stood in the full light of the fire, her arms tense with effort; she was biting her lips, probably to increase her strength.

"It's rather hard on madame's little hands," said the old man. "I bet it's the first time you ever made an omelette in a woodcutter's hut—isn't it, my young lady?"

Louise nodded yes without turning her eyes from the omelette. "The eggs! the eggs!" she suddenly exclaimed, with such a look of uneasiness that we all burst out laughing—"hurry with the eggs! The butter is all puffing up! Be quick, or I can't answer for the consequences."

The old woman beat the eggs energetically.

"The herbs!" cried the old man. "The lard and salt!" cried the young ones. And they all set to work, chopping, cutting, piling up, while Louise, stamping with excitement, called out, "Make haste! make haste!"

Then there was a tremendous bubbling in the pan, and the great work began. We were all round the fire, gazing with an anxious interest inspired by our all having had a finger in the pie.

The old woman, on her knees beside a large dish, slipped a knife under the edge of the omelette, which was turning a fine brown. "Now, madame, you've only got to turn it over," she said.

"Just one little quick blow," suggested the old man.

"Mustn't be violent," counselled the young one.

"All at once: up with it, dear!" I said.

"If you all talk at once—"

"Make haste, madame!"

"If you all talk at once I never shall manage it. It is too awful heavy."

"One quick little blow."

"But I can't; it's going over. Oh, gracious!"

In the heat of action her hood had fallen off. Her cheeks were like a peach, her eyes shone, and, though she lamented her fate, she burst out into peals of laughter. At last, by a supreme effort, the pan moved and the omelette rolled over, somewhat heavily, I confess, into the large dish which the old woman was holding.

Never did omelette look better.

"I am sure the young lady's arms must be tired," said the old man as he began cutting a round loaf into enormous slices.

"Oh no, not so very," my wife answered with a merry laugh; "only I am crazy to taste my—our omelette."

We seated ourselves round the table. When we had eaten and drunk with the good souls we rose and made ready to go home. The sun had set, and the whole family came out of the cabin to see us off and say good-night.

"Don't you want my son to go with you?" the old woman called after us.

It was growing dark and chilly under the trees, and we gradually quickened our pace.

"Those are happy people," said Louise. "We will come some morning and breakfast with them, shan't we? We can put the baby in one of the donkey-panniers, and in the other a large pasty and a bottle of wine. You are not afraid of losing your way, George?"

"No, dear—no fear of that."

"A pasty and a bottle of wine—What is that?"

"Nothing—the stump of a tree."

"The stump of a tree, the stump of a tree!" she muttered. "Don't you hear something behind us?"

"It is only the wind in the leaves, or the breaking of a dead branch."

He is fortunate who, at night in the heart of a forest, feels as calm as at his own fire-side. You do not tremble, but you feel the silence. Involuntarily you look for eyes peering out of the darkness, and you try to define the confused forms appearing and changing every minute. Something breaks and sounds beneath your tread; if you stop you hear the distant melancholy howl of a watch-dog, the scream of an owl, and other noises, far or near, not so easily explained. A sense of strangeness surrounds you and weighs you down. If you are alone, you walk faster; if there are two of you, you draw close to your companion. My wife clung to my arm.

"Let us turn woodcutters. We could build a pretty little hut, simple, but nice enough. I would have curtains to my windows, and a carpet, and put my piano in one corner."

She spoke very low, and occasionally I felt her hand tremble on my arm.

"You would soon get enough of that, dearest."

"It isn't fair to say so." And in another minute she went on: "You think I don't love you, you and our boy. Oh yes, dear, I love you. Yes, yes, yes. The happiness that comes every day can't be expressed; we live on it, so we don't think of it. Like our daily bread—who thinks of that? And yet it is life itself, isn't it? But when you are thinking of yourself, when you put your head down and really think, then you say, 'I am ungrateful, for I am happy and I give no thanks for it.' Or when we are alone together and walking arm in arm, now, at this very moment—not that I mean only this moment—I love you, dear love, I love you." She put her head down on my arm and pressed it earnestly. "Oh," she said, "if I were to lose you!" She spoke very low, as if afraid. What had frightened her—the darkness and the forest, or her own words? She went on: "I have often and often dreamed that I was saying 'good-bye' to you. You both cried, and I pressed you so close to my heart that there was only one of us. It was a nightmare, you know, but I don't mind it, for it showed me that my life was in your lives, dear. What is that creaking noise? Didn't you see something just in front of us?"

I answered her by taking her in my arms and folding her to my heart.

We walked on, but it was impossible to go on talking. Every now and then she would stop and say, "Hush! hark! No, it is nothing."

At last we saw ahead of us a little light, now visible, now hidden by a tree. It was the lamp set for us in our parlor window. We crossed the stile and were at home. It was high time for we were wet through.

I brought a huge log, and when the fire had blazed up we sat down in the great chimney-place. The poor girl was shivering. I took off her boots and held her feet to the fire, screening them with my hands.

"Thanks, dear George, thanks!" she said leaning on my shoulder, and looking at me so tenderly that I felt almost ready to cry.

"What were you saying to me in that horrid wood, my darling?" I asked her when she was better.

"You are thinking about that? I was frightened, that is all, and when you are frightened you see ghosts."

"We will be woodcutters, shan't we?"

And kissing me, with a laugh, she replied, "It is bed-time, man of the woods."

I well remember that walk, for it was our last. Often and often since, at sunset on a dark day, I have been over the same ground; often and often I have stopped where she stood, and stooped and pulled the fern, seeking to find, poor fool that I am! the traces of the vanished footsteps. And I have often halted in the clearing under the birches which rained down on us, and there in the shadow I have fancied I saw the flutter of her dress, I have thought I heard her startled note of fright. And on my way home at night at every step I have found a recollection of her in the distant barking and the breaking branches, as in the trembling of her hand on my arm and the kiss which I gave her.

Once I went into the wood-hut. I saw it all as before—the family, the smoky interior, the little bench on which we sat—and I asked for something to drink, that I might see the glass her lips had touched.

"The little lady who makes such good omelettes, she isn't sick, for sure?" asked the old woman.

Probably she saw the tears in my eyes, for she said no more, and I came away.

And so it is that, except in my heart, where she lives and is, all that was my darling grows faint and dark and dim.

It is the law of life, but it is a cruel law. Even my poor child is learning to forget, and when I say to him, most unwillingly, "Baby, dear, do you remember how your mother did this or that?" he answers yes, but I see, alas! that he, too, is ceasing to remember.—*October Lippincott.*

Ponderous Poetry.

The American muse, greatly cheered by enthusiastic applause from England and the country press, is practising such antics in these days that the national capacity for astonishment is nearly exhausted; yet may a few judicious minds be capable of some admiring surprise at a new and elephantine school of verse lately invented by a Mr. P——, of Troy, in this State, and illustrated by him in a contribution to the *Saturday Budget*, of said city. Regarding the elephant as an agile creation, of proportions commensurate with the poetic genius of a great country, the new bard pictures him as lying down to die in his old age, a herd of his sympathetic brethren standing prodigiously around him in the Indian jungle, and occasionally trumpeting a massive chorus, the while the enormous veteran intones the following mountainous

DEATH SONG.

Farewell, shadowy Himalaya,
Gray with time and growing grayer;
For I go to
Meet my fathers
At the foot of Tycho Brahe.

(Chorus by the whole troop:)
By the eternal—'ternal—'ternal
Turning of the great Diurnal,
But we'll tramp a-
Long the pampa
Till we tread the vale infernal.

Farewell, dark, eternal forest,
From thy mountain seat thou roarest;
When the wind plays
With the ocean
Thou and ever thou encorest.

Farewell, earth, thou dear colossal
Scene of merry bout and jostle;
As my soul drifts
To the blessed,
I present thee—with a fossil.

How it rings, the old-time hollo!
When we took it, lead and follow,
Down the ancient
River terrace,
Drunken on our ganjah wallo.

Farewell comrades, giant-hearted,
For a little we are parted;
Gather round me
As I venture
In a misty land uncharted.

(Chorus by the whole troop:)
By the eternal—'ternal—'ternal
Turning of the great Diurnal,
But we'll tramp a-
Long the pampa
Till we tread the vale infernal.

This is, indeed, poetry of the very largest size, in verse of "slow, magestic march, and song-resounding line." Like certain dainty medical prescriptions, however, it seems to require "directions for taking," and the learned poet supplements it with a few refreshing notes of elucidation. "Tycho Brahe," he says, "is here used as the name of a lunar mountain, and must be mispronounced so as to rhyme with 'Himalaya' and 'grayer' in the first two lines, just as the final syllable of 'grayer' must be commenced with a strong aspiration in order to rhyme with 'Brahe' in the last line." The reader is also compassionately advised that, while the "pampa" is vulgarly supposed to be prevalent in South America exclusively, it is perfectly practicable to introduce one in India when elephantine rhyme requires it. Speaking particularly of his "chorus," the poet frankly says that "when rendered in chest-tones by a number of elephants it is very grand and majestic, even though it may at first strike the reader as having no particular meaning." Under ordinary circumstances a piece of verse, requiring violent mispronunciations, extemporized aspirates, and reckless geographical perversion for its proper enjoyment, might, possibly, be thereby debarred from wide popularity; but since Mr. Whitman's Patent Office Report style of poetry has come into extensive familiar quotation, there is hope for the elephantine school.—*New York World.*

MRS. SIDDONS.

A New Biography of the Great Actress—Anecdotes of Her Early Life, and Incidents in Her Career.

Percy Fitzgerald's two volume biography of the Kembles is lively and interesting. Mr. Fitzgerald says: "Since Campbell and Boaden wrote, great stores of new material have come to light—theatrical memoirs, diaries, histories, recollections in profusion. Collecting all that seemed material from these sources, I found that the interest of Mrs. Siddons would centre not so much in her dramatic life as in the story of her own adventures and struggles, her difficulties and trials, her friendships and social existence, all of which make up a woman's history of singular attraction. That of her brother has far less dramatic interest, and it will be seen that his life can be dealt with as part of hers with far more effect than if it had been related separately."

The first appearance of Mrs. Siddons at Drury Lane was a dead failure, and so, indeed, compared with her expectations and her capabilities, was the whole of her first season in London. She never forgot it, nor ever cordially forgave Garrick, who, she more than insinuates, brought her out in parts for which she had no vocation or fitness. "I, of course, thought him, not an oracle, but my friend, and, in consequence of his advice, *Portia*, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' was fixed on for my *debut*—a character in which it was not likely that I should make any great sensation, and I was, therefore, merely tolerated." She was in weak health; her voice was thin and faint; she was badly dressed, and she was nervous in the extreme, so that it required no ordinary penetration, or a stretch of critical indulgence, to discover the future queen of the English stage in the *debutante*. After trying her, with indifferent success, in young lady parts, Garrick gave her a final chance in *Lady Anne*, which she played to his own *Richard*. Frightened by his frowns at her awkwardness in taking up a position with her face to the audience, and so compelling him to turn his back, she wellnigh fainted in the wooing scene, and became nearly inaudible for the rest of the play.

With the exception of one who pronounced her "lamentable," the critics were charitably silent on this appearance, her last at Drury Lane under Garrick's management; and more than six years of provincial drudgery were to pass away before she was to reappear, radiant with successive triumphs, on the boards from which (to use her own words) she had been banished, "a worthless candidate for fame and fortune." But during these six years she had been developing or ripening powers which were latent or immature when she was brought out by Garrick. It was no longer a question (says the London *Times*) whether tragedy or comedy was her forte; and although her masterpiece, *Lady Macbeth*, was yet to come, she had arrived at the highest reputation which could be acquired at the best provincial theatres for the consummate expression of the softest and deepest feelings of love, tenderness, remorse, hatred, anger, and despair.

It was under Sheridan's management that she made her second *debut* (Oct. 10, 1872), at Drury Lane, in *Isabella*, a deeply tragic and sensational play, abounding in scenes of terror and pathos, which she turned to good account; for, we are assured, there were times when she had all men's eyes suffused with tears, and many women in actual hysterics, and, as the performance drew toward the conclusion, there was scarcely a speech of hers but was interrupted by tumultuous and passionate bursts of applause, until the whole house seemed swept away in transport. It was a complete, unqualified success, the strongest imaginable contrast to her first appearance on the same boards, and her own impressions of this eventful evening were fortunately written down while they were fresh:

"I reached my own quiet fireside on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?), fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body."

At the close of the London season Mrs. Siddons hurried off to Dublin, where her brother John Philip, originally intended and educated for the priesthood, had made his *debut*, and been performing for nearly two years without attracting any extraordinary notice. The same mistake which had kept her back so long had been repeated in his case. He came out in genteel comedy, and only slid into the range of parts really suited to him by degrees. His sister's arrival gave him a lift; and it was her excellence in *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Katherine* that at length caused the great Shakespearean parts to be entrusted to him. He came out in *Hamlet*, but was not allowed to act *Macbeth* to her *Lady Macbeth* on her first performance of the character, of which she had made a long and careful study. On the appointed night (February 2, 1785,) she had finished her toilet, and was collecting her thoughts for the grand effort, when a knock was heard at her dressing-room door, and Sheridan requested admittance on a matter of pressing urgency. She writes:

"What was my distress and astonishment when I found that he wanted me, even at this moment of anxiety and terror, to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping scene. He told me that he had heard, with the greatest surprise and concern, that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand, and when I argued the impracticability of washing out that 'damned spot' [illegible] of her gentlewoman, he insisted that if I did put the candle out of my hand it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in hers."

She goes on to say that she would have yielded her own opinion had it not been too late. She was too agitated to risk the change. "The scene was acted as I had myself conceived it, and the innovation, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me after the play, and most ingenuously congratulated me on my obstinacy."

There was no place in which Mrs. Siddons' reputation eventually stood higher, or in which she was more cordially welcomed, than in Edinburgh; but, owing to the habitual caution of the Scotch, or to her mode of dealing with the manager who made loud complaints of her extortionate terms, she was received on her first appearance (in *Belvidera*) with a chilling silence. She told Campbell that she felt as if she was speaking to stones, and mentally determined never to return to the country again. At last she gathered heart for the delivery of a telling passage, threw all her powers into it, then paused and looked steadily at the audience, when a voice was heard, "That's nae so bad." A roar of laughter dispersed the ill-humor of the audience, and was speedily followed by reiterated applause. The ejaculations on other occasions were less opportune, and poignant, if comical, were her sufferings from their incongruity. At Leeds she twice suffered martyrdom. When (in *Calista*) she was about to drink the poison a fellow called out from the gallery, "Soop it oop, lass." When she was playing the sleeping scene in "Macbeth," a boy, who had been sent for a pot of porter, walked on the stage and presented it to her. In vain she motioned him away; in vain was he howled at and ordered off. He stuck to her, and the effect of the performance was destroyed.

Sheridan had a mischievous pleasure in placing her in ludicrous situations. He induced her to play in a piece, "Edward and Eleonora," in which two babes in long clothes were brought to the dying mother, to the intense amusement of the house. In an evil hour she was persuaded to play in a piece expressly written for her by Miss Burney, comprising three Bishops among the *dramatis personae*. From the moment the King gave the majestic order, "Bring in the Bishop," all tragic emotion was at an end, and the merriment became uproarious at the dying scene, when she was brought in on a sofa from behind a hedge.

Mrs. Siddons formally retired from the stage on the 29th of June, 1812, when, in an address written by her nephew, Mr. Horace Twiss, she expressed a hope that "judges and friends," when years have glided by,

"May think on her whose lips have pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakespeare's song;
On her who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner that she but seem'd before—
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell."

She reappeared, however, five or six times for her brother Charles' benefits; she gave several performances in Edinburgh for her grandchildren, and her last, "positively the last," appearance was at the Covent Garden, in 1819, in the part of *Lady Randolph*. These reappearances brought her into invidious contrast with her young and gifted successor, Miss O'Neill, now Lady Becher.

The Romance of the Negro.

BY EDWARD A. POLLARD.

There has been a Lost Theory as well as a "Lost Cause" for the South in the late war. Before that great modern event and its consequences, the popular and almost universally received theory in the South was that the negro, if ever freed, was bound to retrograde, and that, after having proved a misery to himself and a nuisance to others, he would by providential interposition be extinguished, doomed to altogether disappear; as Carlyle, "maker of books," hath it, "to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world, and be hunted home to Chaos by the due watch-dogs and the due hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as never were seen before." This theory was generally accepted in the South, *nem. con.*; it not only involved the present writer—he was even its zealous advocate. "Lo, the poor negro," was the common derision, whenever anything had to be said in deprecation of the cruel abolitionists. Since the war there have been persons in the South, not to be entirely classed as ignoramuses, who have looked from day to day for the gradual extinction of the negro, for the stages of his disappearance from sublunary affairs in this hemisphere. It is not unusual in Southern companies to hear such snatches of conversation as follows: "The niggers are dying out. Dr. Asinine tells us that in the circuit of his practice they are dying like rotten sheep. Maybe they have diseases which are not incident to the whites, and that they are thus doomed to perish. What do you think of what our newspapers tell us of the great toe disease of San Domingo?" (Though whether the editor, who thus entitled his news from "Dr. Vinton's Sanitarium," meant that the disease was "great," or that it was the afflicted toe that was so, is a mystery unsolved.) "Then, you know, there is infanticide, their common crime. Why, I am told that in the ditches and sloughs back of Crowtown it is common to see little dead niggers lying like drowned puppies. Did you hear what a Louisiana gentleman told at the Virginia Springs last summer? He wanted a cook, and a negro woman applied to him for the place, with strong recommendations. But she had encumbrances—children—and on this account alone he told her she wouldn't suit, and rejected her. The next morning he was surprised to find her returned with a very cheerful and animated face, when she said, 'I'se all right now, sah; got no 'cumbrances no more. I'se put dem out de way; de picanninies done dead!'"

Those who have been looking for the providential riddance of the negro, and have been constructing mortality tables to suit themselves, must have been rather surprised, waking up some morning not long since, to read in the newspapers an outgiving from the United States census, or an abstract of its statistical information. We are there given to know that since 1860 the negroes of the South, despite the experiences of the war, have increased nearly 10 per cent (or more exactly speaking 9.7 per cent), and that in the United States of to-day there are not less than five millions of black people! We can no longer shut our eyes to what we may be unwilling to believe. The day for prophesying for the black man of America a fate similar to that of its red man is past. The fact, welcome or unwelcome, must be accepted, that this race, in numbers already a considerable nation, of characteristics different from the white man's, is being mixed into the society and political system of America, and is working out there an experiment attended by the circumstances of a peculiar romance. A comparatively small number of Africans, brought across the seas from their native wilds, grown up into a people of millions, trained in the harsh school of slavery, but a school whose benefits are that the negro is brought to his present capacity for an experiment more hopeful than has ever yet been made for his true civilization, are to be displayed to the world not only as a new test of the social and political system of America, but as a last supreme effort to take off a reproach that has lain for ages on the African, and to meet the prejudices against him in a new arena, and under auspices that have never been offered before.—*Galaxy for October.*

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

BY BRET HARTE.

They say that she died of a broken heart
(I tell the tale as 't was told to me),
But her spirit lives and her soul is part
Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French;
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms—poor wench—
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of the sentimental Quaker,
At what gold-laced speech of those modish days
She listened—the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave, and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went west up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story, yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

* * * * * * * *

I sit in the sad old house to-night,—
Myself a ghost from a further sea,—
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from the porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two,
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odor of mignonette!

I opened the window and seem almost—
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss,
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn,
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless forevermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel as I pass from the darkened room
She has been with my soul to-night!

—*October Atlantic.*

Solomon's Throne.

Our readers are aware, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that a subscription was lately set on foot for the purpose of erecting a golden throne to the Pope; even as, the prospectus said, "a wonderful throne had been erected by dint of many presents to the Wisest of the Wise, Solomon the King." Unfortunately the plan had to be abandoned, as the Pope modestly declined the offer. It would otherwise have been interesting to see how the committee would have set about this "Solomonic" throne. The sources of authentic information on the subject are rather scarce, Hiram, its reputed artificer, having taken the mystery of its workmanship into his grave. But where history is silent legend speaks. It not merely describes in endless variations and repetitions the wondrous seat of the great King, but describes it in the most gorgeous hues and colors, as befits the darling of Eastern romance. Perhaps our readers may like to listen to the story in one of its most systematically arranged shapes—albeit redundant enough. It is found in one of the late Aramaic versions of the Bible, and almost unmistakably betrays its Byzantine age and origin:

"It was this great King Solomon who bade the Regal Throne to be wrought. He had it covered with the fine gold of Ophir, it was founded upon gleaming marble, and was inlaid with onyx-stones, emeralds, crystals, pearls, and all manner of precious stones. No King ever possessed a like work of art, and no empire could produce the like of it. And in such manner was it made. It had six steps, and upon each there stood twelve lions of gold—a lion always against an eagle and an eagle always against a lion. In such wise that one right paw of the lion lay opposite the right wing of an eagle and the left wing of the eagle to the right paw of the lion. The entire number of the lions was seventy-two and that of the eagles was seventy-two. At the top there was a round seat for the King. And there were also other creatures on the six steps leading upwards. On the first there crouched a golden ox, and over against him another golden lion. On the second a golden wolf over against a golden lamb. On the third a golden camel against a golden hoopoe. On the fourth a golden eagle against a golden peacock. On the fifth a golden cat against a golden cock. On the sixth a golden hawk against a golden dove. On the height of the throne there was another golden dove, which held a hawk between her feet. Above these stood a golden candlestick, exquisitely adorned with bowls, branches, knops, flowers, snuffers, snuff-dishes, and all that was requisite. And out of it went on one side seven arms, upon which the seven Fathers of the world were represented, to-wit: Adam, the first man, Noah, Shem the Great, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Job. On the other side there went out other seven branches, upon which were to be seen the seven pious ones of the world, to-wit: Levy, Kehath, Amram, Moses, Aaron, Eldad, and Medad, also Hur the Prophet. Over the candlestick was fixed a beautiful golden jar, filled with the costliest oil, from which the lights were kindled in the Temple, and below the jar stood a golden cask, also filled with the costliest oil, from which the lamps of the candlesticks were replenished. Upon the cask there the figure of Eli, the high priest, and on two olive branches issuing from it were to be seen engraven Hophni and Phineas, his two sons. Out of the two olive branches there issued two golden lamps upon which were depicted the two sons of Aaron, Nadab and Abihu. There were two seats near the golden cask, one for the high priest, the other for his *locum tenens*. Around the throne were ranged seventy golden chairs, upon which the seventy Sanhedrin took their seats to pronounce judgment before Solomon. Two huge golden fishes were fixed at each side of Solomon's head, so that his head should sit firmly, and over the throne four and twenty golden vines spread their shadows over the King's countenance. Whenever Solomon wished to proceed to some place, the throne moved under him by itself through the cunning workmanship that was in it. When he placed his foot upon the first step the golden bull drew him up to the second, from the second he was drawn up by the wolf to the third, and so on till he reached the sixth, when the eagles flew down, lifted the King up, and seated him upon his seat. The works inside the throne were moved by a gigantic sea monster made of silver. And when the Kings of the earth heard the tale of Solomon's royal throne, they all assembled and bowed down before the King and said, 'A throne like unto this has never yet been made for any King, nor has any nation ever produced the like of it.' The Kings, seeing the splendor of this throne, threw themselves on their faces and praised the Maker of the Universe. When King Solomon had mounted it, and sat down, the great eagle arose, seized the golden crown, and placed it upon his head. Then the great sea monster began to move the wheels within. The lions and eagles rose up of a sudden, and surrounded the King's anointed person, while the golden dove flew down, opened the tabernacle, took out the Book of the Law, and placed it into the King's lap, so that it might be fulfilled as it is written: 'This Book of the Law shall remain with the King, and he shall read therein all his life, in order that he and his sons may long reign over Israel.' Often the High Priest appeared to salute the King, when the Elders sat both to the right and left of him to pronounce judgment unto the people. Now, when witnesses appeared to give false witness before Solomon the wheels began to move, and lo! the bulls bellowed, the lions roared, the wolves howled, the tigers growled, the birds whistled, the cats mewed, the peacocks shrieked, the cocks crowed, the hawks croaked, and there was heard altogether a mighty and fearful noise, the which deprived these false witnesses of all their courage, and they said unto themselves, 'Let us rather give righteous witness, or else the whole world will be destroyed through our sin.' As often as the King mounted the throne the lions scattered sweet-smelling waters around. * * *

"A throne like unto this was not possessed by any other King. But when Israel sinned, Nebuchadnezzar, the wicked King of Babel, grew powerful, made war upon the Israelites, and destroyed the land of Israel. He gave the city of Jerusalem over to pillage, burned the holy Temple, and carried the Israelites into captivity to Babylon, the land of Chaseth. He also carried away with him the throne of Solomon. And as this wicked one was about to mount the steps so as to sit down thereon, he did not know that it was by cunning wheelworks that the throne was mounted. He placed his foot upon the first step, and instantly the golden lion stretched out his right paw and hit the King's left hip, so that he grew lame for the rest of his days. After Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babel, came Alexander the Macedonian, who took away the throne of King Solomon, and carried it to Egypt. There King Shishak once saw this throne, more splendid than any other, and he, too, desired to sit upon it. But he also knew not of the wheels within, and when he placed his foot upon the first step, lo! the lion, stretching out his left paw again, with one blow upon the King's right hip lamed him also, so that his name became Pharaoh-Necho, which means the Limping. Then came the son of Antiocus, who made war against the land of Egypt, destroyed it, conquered the throne of the Great King, and carried it away in a ship. There one foot of the throne got detached from its golden chain, and all the artificers of the world were collected together to mend it, but they could not; and so it has remained even unto this day. Then the kingdom of the Great King was destroyed, and Cyrus the Persian became possessed of the throne. This King had the merit of occupying himself with the rebuilding of the Temple, and he was deemed worthy, he alone, to sit upon it, though it was broken and its splendor had departed. What has become of it now no man knoweth."

Alexandre Dumas and His Plagiarisms.

The charge of plagiarism is one easily brought, and not easily parried, except by showing that there is nothing new under the sun, and that the most inventive minds have not disdained to borrow from their predecessors. Virgil borrowed from Homer; Racine from Euripides; Corneille (for his Cid) from a Spanish dramatist. "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*," was the unabashed avowal of Moliere. "Evil betide those who have said or written our good things before us," was the half-comic, half-serious exclamation of a truly original wit. Shakespeare drew largely on chronicles, popular histories, and story-books for his characters and plots; his Greeks and Romans frequently speak the very words placed in their mouths by Plutarch; "Julius Caesar" was preceded by a Latin play on the same subject, and (amongst other things) the famous *Et tu, Brute!* (which rests on no classical authority) was taken from it. Voltaire sedulously ran down Shakespeare to throw dust in the eyes of the French public, and prevent them from discovering his obligations to the barbarian, as they designated the author of "Hamlet." "L'Ermite" in "Zadig" is a mere paraphrase of Parnell's poem, "The Hermit;" and the fable (Voltaire's) of "Le Lion et le Marseillais" is borrowed from Mandeville. The framework and all the solid portions of Mirabeau's best speeches were notoriously supplied by Dumont; little being left for the orator but to infuse the Promethean fire, and vivify the mass.

In a recent notice of Talleyrand we mentioned a note in the handwriting of his brother to the effect that the only breviary used by the ex-Bishop was "L'Improvisateur Francais," a voluminous collection of anecdotes and jests; the fraternal inference being that his conversational brilliancy was partly owing to this repository. Pascal copies whole pages from Montaigne without quoting him. Sheridan confessedly acted on Moliere's principle or no principle; he was indebted to Farquhar for the "Trip to Scarborough;" the most admired bit of dialogue between Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle is the recast of a fine reflection in "Zadig;" and, consciously or unconsciously, Tom Jones and Blifil must have influenced the conception of Charles and Joseph Surface. "With regard to the charges about the shipwreck," wrote Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, "I think that I told you and Mr. Hobhouse years ago that there was not a single circumstance of it not taken from fact; not, indeed, from any single shipwreck, but all from actual facts of different shipwrecks." So little was Tasso ashamed of occasional imitations of other poets, or incorporated details from history, that, in his commentary on his "Rime," he takes pains to point out all coincidences of the kind in his own poems. Scott lays particular stress in his preface on the fidelity with which he has followed the narratives and traditions on which his romances are almost uniformly based, but he forgot to note, that the scene in "Kenilworth," where Amy is kneeling before Leicester and asking him about his orders of knighthood, was copied from the "Egmont" of Goethe. Balzac has appropriated for one of his novels, an entire chapter of "The Disowned." Lamartine has been tracked to gleaning-grounds, which he hoped to visit incognito, by Sainte-Beuve. Dr. Ferrier has unsparingly exposed the poaching propensities of Sterne, who, besides making free with Rabelais and Burton, has been indirectly the means of dragging more than one author from obscurity by stealing from him. Lord Brougham left a translation of Voltaire's "Memnon ou La Sagesse Humaine," to be published as an original composition of his own; and his executors, entering fully into the spirit of the testator, and carrying out his last wishes to the letter, have published it as he left it, without a hint, happily without a suspicion, of its quality.

One of the fine images with which Canning wound up his peroration on the Indemnity bill of 1818 was certainly anticipated by Madame de Stael. The embryo of Macaulay's "New Zealander" has been discovered in Horace Walpole's curious traveller from Lima; and the Theodora of "Lothair" bears so strong resemblance to the Olympia of "Half a Million of Money," as to raise a compromising conviction of identity. But these are trifles. On one of the most solemn and memorable occasions within living memory, in expressing, as leader of the House of Commons, the national feeling of gratitude and admiration for the hero of a hundred fights, Mr. Disraeli took boldly and bodily, without the change of a word, rather more than a third of his prepared oration from the translation of an article in a French review, on a French Marshal, by M. Thiers.

We have been at some pains to illustrate the various shades and degrees of what is commonly called plagiarism; because Dumas has been accused of all of them, from the gravest to the lightest, and needs all the support and sanction that can be derived from example and authority. If we are to put faith in his assailants, he has pushed to extravagance the appropriation doctrine of Moliere; he has rivalled not only the broom-maker who stole the materials, but the one who stole his brooms ready-made; he has taken entire passages like Mr. Disraeli; complete stories like Voltaire and Lord Brougham; and as for plots, scenes, images, dialogues, if restitution to the original proprietors were enforced, he would be like the daw stripped of its borrowed plumes, or (to borrow a less hackneyed image from Lord Chatham) he would "stand before the world like our first parents, naked, but not ashamed." But somehow these charges, though pointedly urged, have utterly failed in their main object; there is no denying the real genius, the genuine originality of the man, after all; and the decisive test is that what he takes assimilates to what he creates, and helps to form an harmonious whole, instead of lying, "like lumps of marl upon a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilize." Nor is his one of those puny reputations that must be kept alive by nursing, that cannot bear exposure, that go down at once before the storm. On the contrary, it has almost invariably been confirmed and augmented by the most formidable attacks levelled at him, as a great flame is increased and extended by the wind which blows out a small one.—*Every Saturday.*

The Original Irishman.

"Coming," says the London *Athenaeum*, "upon an old tract in the Library of the British Museum, E. 149, 11, which is entitled 'A Geographical Description of the Kingdom of Ireland,' &c., by G. N., 1642, we found the following sentences on the social condition of the Irish in that age; and, from pages 27 and 28 of this book, here give them for what they are worth, premising that the author declared himself an eye witness, and was unchallengeably a traveller in Ireland: 'Concerning the apparell of the Irish, it is after a slovenly manner, and the very English there are much infected with this nasty filthinisse, especially lowsie beds, and foule linen, except where the chief English live, as in Dublin, Waterford, and Kinsale, which in some measure retain the English neatnesse; but for the meere wild Irish it may be said of them, as of the Germans (? by Tacitus), that they wander slovenly and naked, and lodge in the same room with their cattle. Among them the better sort used to weare close breeches and stockings of the same, of red or some light colour, so straight (strait, or narrow) that the unseemly parts of the body were exposed to view. They used likewise a loose coat and a three-cornered mantle of coarse clooth, with a cap of Thrums. Their linen is coarse and slovenly; they seldom cast off a shirt until it be rotten, and are coloured with saffron to avoid lice, which are incident to those people, and they are very nimble in taking lice on a sunny day, or a green bank. But in the more northern parts, before the strict civilising of them in King James his time, both men and women went naked in the very Winter, having only their secret parts covered with a rag, and a loose mantle cast over them. Thus naked, they walke with their sword tyed unto them with a wythe instead of a belt. And at night men and women lye in a ring together, round about the fire, in the middle of the roome with their feet towards it, folding their heads and their upper parts in their woollen mantle, first steeped in water, to keep them warm, for they say, woollen wetted, and warmed by the heat of their bodies, doth preserve heat.'"

Too Many Syllables.

As "to the making of books there is no end," so, also, there would seem to be no end to the making of words, nor to the addition of syllables to words which were once held to be complete. For instance, *rational*, *material*, &c., &c., were held to be very good adjectives in former days, but now they must be tagged into *rationalistic*, *materialistic*, &c., before they can pass muster.

Nouns and verbs suffer in the same way. Webster's latest edition—which, of course, contains ever so many thousands of words "not to be found in any other dictionary"—has attained unto *conversationalist*, *experimentalize*, &c., and I hope that a following edition may be enriched by their legitimate derivatives—*conversationalisticableness*, *experimentalisticableness*, &c.

There are, however, exceptions to all general rules, and the ingenious fabricators of "words" occasionally fall from the expanding into the abbreviating mood. They find, or fancy, that some words have too many syllables. For example, *sewerage*, which they cut down to *sewage*. Why, then, do they not reduce *anchorage* to *anchage*, *appendage* to *appage*, and so on?

Again, *strategetic*, or *strategetical* (here, as in many other cases, the addition of *al* or *ic* seems to be a mere superfluity), was a good word once, but the reformers "thought better of it," and reduced it to *strategic*, or *strategical*. Might they not with equal propriety reduce *energetic* to *energic*, *theoretical* to *theorical*, *sympathetic* to *sympathic*, and so on indefinitely?

This spirit of innovation indicates "progress;" but as Guildenstern says to my Lord Hamlet, the progress "is not of the right breed."—*Correspondence of New York Evening Post.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Sept. 24—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity (Epis.); Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost (R. C.); Our Lady of Mercy (R. C.).

Sept. 25—Stigmata of St. Francis (R. C.); St. Cleophas, martyr.

Sept. 26—SS. Cyprian and Justina, martyrs (R. C.).

Sept. 27—SS. Cosmas and Damian, martyrs (R. C.).

Sept. 28—St. Wenceslaus, martyr (R. C.).

Sept. 29—St. Michael and All Angels (Epis.); St. Michael, the Archangel (R. C.).

Sept. 30—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor (R. C.).

—The debt of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to be reported at the October meeting in Salem, Mass., is only about $8,000. Last year it was $22,000.

—A pauper at Skowhegan, Me., handed in the following request recently to be read out in church: "Mr. —— desires prayers for the overseers of the poor, that they obey the laws of the State and furnish him a decent pair of boots or shoes to walk to meeting in."

—The Rev. George A. Leakin, Rector of Trinity (P. E.) Church in Baltimore, has preached a sermon on the coming General Convention, in which he says that there is no need of any disruption. These divisions in the Church, in his opinion, are "compatible with unity." The Church's "catholicity is thereby exhibited, and if the centrifugal and centripetal forces are necessary to the earth's orbit, so different views within certain bounds are necessary to true Church progress."

—Frank Palmer, of Bedford, N. Y., is having built a very fine church edifice, at a cost of $20,000, which he intends to present to the Presbyterian Society of the village, his native place.

—Charles Hosmer, who died in Hartford, July 26, at the age of 88, was the Secretary and Depositary of the Hartford Evangelical Tract Society, afterwards the Connecticut Branch of the American Tract Society, from the time of its formation in 1816. Says the *American Messenger*: "Probably no other man, living or dead, labored so long and so efficiently in the tract cause."

—Byron Greenough, who recently died at Portland, Me., bequeathed $2,000 to the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, $2,000 to the American Baptist Missionary Union, $5,000 to the Colby University, and $5,000 to establish a scholarship, which, with previous donations, make $10,000 he has given the college. He also gives $1,000 to the Maine Baptist Educational Society.

—The Rev. Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester, England, and famous as the associate of Conybeare in the "Conybeare's and Howson's Life and Epistles of St. Paul," will sail for New York on the 30th inst., to be present at the Episcopal Triennial Convention.

—The Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railway "does not turn a wheel or do any work upon the Sabbath day." We are also told that "every caboose, express, baggage, and passenger car on that road has a rack fastened in a conspicuous place on the inside of the car, labelled 'Bible,' 'Replace in the rack,' and in each rack is a *Bible*."

—Henry Young, Esq., of Sing Sing, N. Y., has endowed a Professorship in the Union Theological Seminary, at Hampden Sidney, Va., by the gift of $30,000.

—The pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Rev. Mr. Chambliss, in Richmond, Virginia, a few Sabbaths ago stated to his congregation that he could no longer *defend* close communion. It took his people by surprise. He tendered his resignation as pastor upon the ground that his views *might* be objectionable. It was accepted.

—Four Presbyterian churches report over 1,000 communicants each: Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn (Dr. Cuyler's), 1,430; Madison Square, New York (Dr. Adams'), 1,316; Brick, Rochester (Dr. Shaw's), 1,250; and First Kensington, Philadelphia (Mr. Beale's), 2,138.

—A midnight prayer meeting has been held in the Baptist church at Stonington, Conn., for nearly two years. Every Saturday night a band of Christians, mostly railroad employes, meet for prayer, praise and conference on the arrival of the steamboat train, and continue the meeting until midnight. As the boat arrives at 9 o'clock and leaves about 1, it gives opportunity for Christians to come from Providence, Westerly and other places along the road, to help in the meetings. Several conductors and other men on the road have been converted.

—It is expected that the plans for the Greek church to be erected on Lexington avenue, New York, will reach this country in one of the vessels escorting the Grand Duke Alexis. The site, costing $35,000, is between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, and the edifice, which will cost between $200,000 and $300,000, will, it is said, be one of the handsomest in New York. An elegant altar service is now making in St. Petersburg expressly for the church.

—According to the *Church Weekly*, it is no more strange that the bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Altar should become the very body and blood of Christ, than that prayer should affect the cure of disease or the stay of pestilence.

—The *Hebrew News*, in reply to some accusations that have been made against it in regard to the Sunday Sabbath, thus defines its grounds on that point: "The assertion that the Jews have joined the Germans in their opposition to the laws for the regulation of the Sunday Sabbath, we are convinced is not the case; they are satisfied to keep their Sabbath without interfering with any other creed, whether they make the first day of the week their Sabbath or not. It is a well-known fact that the Jews employ no missionaries to make proselytes, the Mosaic law prohibiting any such action on our part, or any attempt to induce the adherents of any other creed to join us, or to accept them as members, except they come voluntarily, under the conviction that the Jewish law is the only true one. The Jews probably claim for themselves the right to be allowed to fulfil their usual avocations on the first day of the week, because they observe the seventh day as their Sabbath, which we consider they have a right to do."

—At the yearly meeting of Friends in Oskaloosa, last week, the following statement was made of the number of members of the denomination in Iowa. This only includes those regularly enrolled in societies: Families, 1,455; parts of families, 884; males, 4,318; females, 4,281. Total, 8,599. During the year 209 persons were received into membership.

—The North German Bishops in conclave at Fulda are scolding like a parcel of old women about the "unjust and aggressive policy" pursued toward them by the Prussian Minister, Muhler. Precisely where the aggression comes in it would puzzle any ordinary mind to say—the only offence of Muhler being that he has determined to allow each denomination to shift for itself, entirely divorcing Church and State. He has, however, given the Bishops notice that they must not persecute the anti-infallibilists; and this is probably what they refer to as his "aggressive" policy.

—Mr. Muller, of Bristol, England, never asks for money to sustain his Orphanage; but he prints an annual statement of the work he is doing, which is far more effective in securing contributions than any begging circular could possibly be. During the last year he has met with many obstacles in his work; but they have all been overcome. Mr. Muller is at the head of what he calls a "Scriptural Knowledge Institution;" and this has the care not only of the Orphanage at Bristol, but of various schools and missions in other parts of the world. As many as 150 missionaries are assisted from the funds of this society. From the beginning above $2,500,000 has been received by this institution. The erection of the five orphan houses alone has cost $575,000. The expenses of these houses for the last year were $113,300, and the expenses of all departments of the institution $195,000. For the coming year considerably more will be required. The funds are supplied without solicitation. They never fail to be sufficient, and the greater part of them is given anonymously. During the past year 300 children have been admitted into the Orphanage, bringing up the whole number to 2,033.

—The great reformation in Germany is steadily gaining ground. Three thousand families in Vienna have applied to the minister of religion for permission to have mass performed in the cathedral by priests who have remained faithful to the "pure old Christian doctrine." The Old Catholics are organising throughout Bohemia and Corinthia, and they have started their first newspaper. A fund has been started for the support of priests who may be excommunicated or deprived of their benefices for opposing the dogma of Papal infallibility. Above all, a thorough understanding has been reached that this movement shall not rest with repudiating the new dogma; but that a general reform of the Church must now take place. The laity must be admitted to power in the Church, and the whole scheme of Church dogma must be revised. Singularly enough, this movement seems to be quite as strong among the Catholics of Austria and South Germany as in the northern countries. The Ultramontane Bishops in Hungary having threatened to bring suit against Herr Pauler, the Minister of Instruction, for refusing to allow the promulgation of the dogma, Francis Joseph has himself written a letter rebuking them.

—Mr. Spurgeon, of London, is pronounced to be an overworked man. Great cares, in conjunction with hereditary ailments, seem to have brought about his present serious prostration, while yet his years are few. After a long confinement he recently, on a July Sabbath morning, preached the one-thousandth sermon of his printed series. As many as 20,000,000 copies of these sermons have been published in Great Britain, and they have also been translated into several different languages. The appearance of Mr. Spurgeon on the above occasion, is thus referred to by a correspondent: "Mr. Spurgeon, very stout, short in stature, with thick black hair coming low down upon his forehead, and full bearded, entered by a private door, followed by the bench of deacons and his wife and sister. I was sitting only a few feet from the platform, and was pained and shocked to see his entrance. He came down the steps slowly and painfully, holding on to the benches with both hands, and also supported by one of the deacons. Until last week he had not preached for many Sabbaths, and some of his friends fear that his work on earth is almost finished. He is said to suffer from gout and heart disease, but the true explanation, doubtless, is that he is broken down. His arduous labors have wrecked and shattered his splendid natural constitution. Before beginning the sermon he announced that he could not preach in the evening, that his last sermon had caused him two days of intense suffering, and that every sermon cost him forty-eight hours of extreme pain."

—The Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge pastor, enlarged to hold about 400 more people, was rededicated on Sunday last. Rev. D. Stephen Tyng, Sr., preached in the morning, and the pastor in the evening. The announcement was made that the voluntary contribution to the support of the church had been during the year $12,000, while the expenses had been $17,885, the income exceeding the outgo by over $1,500. This shows that a free church can and will be supported. The pastor stated that all that remained in the way of the prosperity as a church was a floating debt of $21,000, secured in the building of the Tabernacle, whereupon the people came up and subscribed the whole amount. G. De Witt, of Belleville, N. J., a Baptist, offered $500 if a baptistery were put in the Tabernacle. Mr. Talmadge gladly accepted the offer, and will baptize by immersion those who prefer that mode to sprinkling. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* [illegible] this church: The Tabernacle, so [illegible] the exhibit, Sunday, is not a very [illegible] affair. It is a temporary structure [illegible] iron, and has cost, so far, [illegible] much as the cost of Plymouth Church [illegible] bonded debt is $80,000. It is doubtful [illegible] or any more iron churches will be built [illegible] addition and moving back of the [illegible] given a sonorousness to the building [illegible] painful. When the Superintendent [illegible] has a sharp nasal voice, gave out the [illegible] in the afternoon, it rang through the [illegible] ing like the roll of a snare-drum. [illegible] madge will not have the doors of the [illegible] ing which connect with the [illegible] service, and, as there are only [illegible] windows, and those in the upper part [illegible] building, the heat was as stifling as [illegible] side of a huge iron boiler. Two [illegible] reflectors added to the heat. Ladies [illegible] and were carried out. Persons near [illegible] door begged that a little air might be [illegible] but the ushers, young and pert, [illegible] "Mr. Talmadge says he won't preach [illegible] doors are not shut. If you can't [illegible] you must do the next best thing."

TIT-BITS.

The Chaplain of the Iowa State [illegible] was asked by a friend how his [illegible] were. "All under conviction," [illegible] reply.

—Dobbs thinks that, instead of [illegible] credit to whom credit is due, the [illegible] better been paid.

—"Rarer than the phoenix," says [illegible] "is the virtuous man who will [illegible] to lose a good anecdote because it [illegible]

—"Whom the gods destroy they [illegible] make mad." Yes, and when some men [illegible] dye the first get madder.

—The San Francisco *Alta* says that [illegible] prevalence of the present chignon [illegible] "the crime of jerking the hair out [illegible] wife's head is not so sinful as it [illegible] was. It is just as ungentlemanly [illegible] but it doesn't hurt as it used to."

—An old gentleman of 70 wanted [illegible] married to a girl of 17. One day [illegible] surprised him tenderly embracing [illegible] tended. "I don't wonder at your [illegible] ment," said the young lady; "you [illegible] generally expect to find old heads on [illegible] shoulders."

—At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington a little child was standing with her [illegible] at Lord Ashburton's window, to [illegible] funeral go by. She made no remark [illegible] the Duke's horse was led by, the [illegible] empty, and the boots reversed in the [illegible] when she looked up into her mother's [illegible] and said, "Mamma, when we die will [illegible] be nothing left of us but our boots?"

—Younger Brother—"What's the [illegible] Mary? Are you unhappy because [illegible] those fellows you were flirting with [illegible] quet yesterday proposed to you?" [illegible] "No; both did, Tom! And—I said [illegible] to the wrong one!"

—An Ohio newspaper announces [illegible] man in Zanesville, who has buried [illegible] wives, has their photographs in a [illegible] within which his own picture is the [illegible] figure, and underneath is this touching [illegible] scription, "The Lord will provide."

—The New York *World* thus makes [illegible] of a learned subject: "Professor [illegible] appropriately to take the head of the [illegible] brood in October. The former [illegible] now an ex; the new one may be [illegible] double X. Nothwithstanding the [illegible] of Porter with Yale, it is understood [illegible] the former will make a p'int of [illegible] out any half-and-half measures."

—A clergyman who had been staying some time at the house of a friend, on [illegible] away, called to him little Tommy, the [illegible] old son of his host, and asked him [illegible] should give him for a present. [illegible] who had great respect for his [illegible] thought it his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he announced [illegible] tatingly: "I—I think I should like a [illegible] ment, and I know I should like a [illegible]"

—A mamma in the rural district [illegible] gave her 5-year-old hopeful an outfit [illegible] ing tackle. Soon she heard a [illegible] Harry, and running out found one [illegible] bent, hens fast winding up the line [illegible] crop, whither the hook had already [illegible] ed it. Harry, observing the trouble [illegible] his mother, quietly remarked: "[illegible] worry, mother; I guess she'll stop when she gets to the pole."

—Deacon S—— was an austere man [illegible] followed oystering, and was of [illegible] shell persuasion. The Deacon "all[illegible] it a pint" to tell his customers [illegible] money which he got for "isters" [illegible] belong to him. "The good Father [illegible] isters," said the Deacon, "and the [illegible] His'n, I'm only a stooart." They [illegible] Deacon had a way of getting about [illegible] cents more on a hundred in his [illegible] method of doing business for [illegible] else. One Sunday morning the [illegible] was tearing around from house to [illegible] with a suspicious bit of currency in his [illegible] Some one had given him a bad [illegible] note, and he "wasn't going to [illegible] till that air was fixed up." "Why, [illegible] said one of his customers, when he [illegible] tackled about it, "what's the odds? [illegible] need you care? 'Tisn't yours, you [illegible] you are only steward; it isn't yours [illegible] The Deacon shifted his shoulder, [illegible] the door, unshipped his quid, and [illegible] "Yaas, that's so; but if you think [illegible] goin' to stan' by an' see the Lord [illegible] out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. [illegible] foster no such feelin'."

—A good story is told of a [illegible] dominie up in Berkshire, who, in the times of 1812, was prone to preach [illegible] cratic politics, and thank the Lord [illegible] specially, as well as very fervently, [illegible] any favors shown to our arms. One [illegible] day night a neighbor received a [illegible] newspapers relating to one of our [illegible] naval victories, and, being familiar with the parson's peculiarity, despatched [illegible] him. It was a great victory, and the [illegible] man rose to his prayer, trembling with [illegible] citement—all the more that the subject [illegible] there would be news to most of his [illegible] "We desire to thank thee," he [illegible] the great victory our frigate, the [illegible] forgotten the name, but no matter [illegible] frigate has gained over the enemy's [illegible] war, the—the—I've forgotten that [illegible] too, but thou knowest, for it is [illegible] papers."

—A new definition of the word "civilization" reaches us from Japan. [illegible] Japanese visitor to the English [illegible] induced her to take some champagne, [illegible] putting away his third tumbler, [illegible] with great fervor, "I like civiliza[illegible] like civilization!"

Changes in Pronunciation.

The London *Pall Mall Budget*, [illegible] a recent work on Early English Pronunciation, by Alexander J. Ellis, gives [illegible] amusing instances of the changes that [illegible] taken place within the last two or [illegible] centuries. "Living," says the *Budget*, "[illegible] the midst of changes, we rarely take [illegible] scious note of them. To so great a [illegible] is this the case with the sounds of [illegible] guage that Mr. Ellis declares that [illegible] few persons (himself being no [illegible]) who know precisely what their own [illegible] nunciation is. We fancy, however, that [illegible] do, and assume, without thinking [illegible] matter, that our forefathers of a [illegible] years ago pronounced English very [illegible] as we do now. We are surprised [illegible] learn that a man of that period would [illegible] talked of his entertainment at a [illegible] at *Room*, where he sat in a "*cheer*," [illegible] *obleeged* for *curtesy's* sake to eat some [illegible] *cumber* which was offered him in a [illegible] (*be in out*); or that Milton a hundred [illegible] earlier would have spoken of the [illegible] man's *venturing* to dip his *bird* in [illegible] water; or Shakspeare a century before would have quoted from himself "[illegible] of *watter*," and "a *beste* that wants [illegible] of *rayson*," or spoken of his own plays [illegible] modern aye) of "*Midsommer Neekt's* [illegible] Dreäm," and "*Love's Labour's* [illegible]" These instances will suffice to indicate [illegible] of the notable changes in English pronunciation within a period of two or three [illegible] dred years. They are, however, [illegible] greater than any which existed between thirteenth and sixteenth century; [illegible] as the vowel sounds of the earlier [illegible] were the same as those of the [illegible] generally, whereas in Shakspeare's time [illegible] divarication which now characterizes [illegible] fairly set in, for *a—ah* and *i—ee* were [illegible] way to get the modern sounds of [illegible] letters."

Mr. Ellis, the *Budget* thinks, [illegible] proved that the long *a* of the fourteenth century was our *a* in father, and long *e* [illegible] in Mary, the long *i* our *e* in me, the [illegible] the *e* in home, but we doubt whether he [illegible] satisfactorily proved the long *u* to have [illegible] the *u* of the French *feu*. Again, we [illegible] with him that *ai* was then the *ai* in [illegible] the *oo* in moon, but question whether [illegible] is fair was the *ay* in aye. We have, [illegible] no space for criticism. The [illegible] above, which we consider satisfactory, [illegible] say nothing of others, obviously indicates remarkable difference between the [illegible] vowel-sounds of the fourteenth and [illegible] teenth centuries. They lead us, for [illegible] to pronounce *age aage*, read as *rayd*, [illegible] *tern*, please as *playse*, mouth as *mooth*, [illegible] *fule*, boil as *bool*. In Shakspeare's time [illegible] sounds, according to Mr. Ellis, [illegible] most part persisted; but *age*, *read*, [illegible] beginning to have the present sounds [illegible] had the Scottish sound of *time*, on [illegible] the present full diphthongal sound, [illegible] was *moouth* (*ou* in *loue*) as well as [illegible] perhaps *mouth* (as now). Hence [illegible] words in certain passages would [illegible] something like this:

A *beste* that wants *discourse of rayson*
Would *haave* moorn'd longer [illegible]
[illegible] they as *pure* (French *u*) as *grass* [illegible]
A broken *voice*, and his whole *function* [illegible]
(*suiting*).
With *forms* to his *conseit*.
Or to take arms against a *sey of troobles*.

Mr. Ellis's discussion of the puns in Shakspeare in their connection with the pronunciation of the times is acute and [illegible] He shows, for instance, that *reason* [illegible] have been *rayson—raisin* in "were *reasons* as plenty," &c.; *perse—person*, [illegible] *one* was then —*oon*, not *loon*, as at [illegible]

A New Rendering of an Old Text.

Spending a winter as invalids at [illegible] South Carolina, the Hon. Thurlow W[illegible] Mr. Thomas C. Acton whiled away one [illegible] bath afternoon by attending a negro [illegible] and were accompanied by Mr. John [illegible] nedy, who was on a visit of a few [illegible] Mr. Acton. When they entered the [illegible] tive temple the preacher, who was a [illegible] African, was grappling with all the [illegible] his race with the old, old subject of [illegible] of man. Sketching that day in the [illegible] with its terrible results, he excoriated Adam in this fashion:

"Now, bredren, when de Lord calls [illegible] 'count did he stan' up like a man, [illegible] his sin and ask forgiveness? No, [illegible] nuffin of de sort, bredren, but he [illegible] "'Lord, de woman dat Dou gavest [illegible] me for to eat.'"

Pausing a moment he repeated: "'De woman dat Dou gavest [illegible] for to eat.'"

Then again:

"'De woman dat Dou gavest me [illegible] for to eat.'

"Dar, bredren, you see dat [illegible] is' Adam was a tryin' to sneak off [illegible] frowin' all de blame on de Lord [illegible]"

This new idea of an old question [illegible] much for the distinguished [illegible] who had fortunately taken seats [illegible] door, and they retired into the fields [illegible] dulge in convenient laughter.—[illegible] *Room of the Galaxy for October.*

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[illegible]